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The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches accepts the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

Jan 96*
T. J. Rev. T. J. Dillon

THE UNITARIAN

A MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

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THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

VOL. X. MARCH, 1895. No. 3.

EXPERIENCING RELIGION.

A SERMON BY REV. SETH C. BEACH, OF THE INDEPENDENT CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY, BANGOR, ME.

What is the meaning of the phrase, "to experience religion"? In the Bible the words scarcely occur,—never together, and less than half a dozen times separately. "Experience" occurs in the Common Version only four times from Genesis to Revelation. "Religion" occurs five times. How much more we talk about religion in these days than they did when this great text-book, commonly supposed to be the only text-book, of religion was being made!

The word "experience" is not difficult to understand. We need not go to the dictionaries or authorities. To "experience" is to feel: what we have felt we have experienced. To experience joy or sorrow is to feel joy or sorrow; and to experience religion is to feel religion.

If there is any difficulty in the phrase, it is with the word "religion"; for the meaning of experience is clear. To give an entirely satisfactory definition of religion has puzzled theologians and philosophers not a little. It has been defined as "the feeling entertained toward that infinite being, power, or cause . . . which is regarded and worshipped as the Creator and Ruler of the universe"; again, as "the earnest devotion of each individual soul to the highest and best that is revealed to that soul"; still again, "as the vital relation of a part of the whole, . . . religion demands that one shall forget himself in the whole he is a part of"; and again, very briefly, as "the union of man with God, of the finite with the Infinite,"—the sense, realizing sense, of such union perhaps it means. Union of finite with Infinite is not a matter of chance or of choice: it simply is willy-nilly religion or no religion; but the thought and feeling that a point, an atom, or a soul, is part and parcel of a larger existence is a different matter. That "we are members one of another," and that, "living or dying, we are the Lord's," is true anyway. To feel that it is true, and to live as if we felt its truth, is religion.

It is a fault of these definitions that they do not define. The explanations need to be explained. If some one would give us a list of all the elements—the beliefs, sentiments, and duties—which go to make up religion in its wholeness, we should have a definition that would be worth something. There is one definition—one of the oldest, and the only one which the Bible undertakes to give—which is of this kind: "Pure religion is to visit the fatherless and widows, and to keep one's self unspotted." That is, charity and purity constitute religion. Here is a definition which, as far as it goes, is of the kind we want; but too evidently it was not intended to be complete.

Purity is religion, and charity is religion; but so are the God-ward sentiments of love and obedience. Without saying they are religion, an ancient prophet gives us a noble summary of things required: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Jesus is summing up the essential elements of religion when he says, "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Perfect love to God and man,—this is religion. Saint Paul, again, sums up the eternal and unchangeable elements of religion in that remarkable chapter upon charity, where, after saying that prophecies should fail, tongues cease, and knowledge vanish, he says, "Faith, hope, and charity shall abide, these three; and the greatest of these is charity."

Greater than all else are faith and hope, and greater than faith and hope is charity.

The first element of religion is charity,—Paul's kind of charity; not pity, which we commonly mean, but love. The beginning of religion is between man and man: the end of it is between man and God. Love, then,—natural, human love,—is religion: love, which suffereth long and is kind; which seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. This love, which is needed in every household, and found, thank God, in many, is religion. Have you not seen it sometimes in a toil-worn, care-worn husband and father; sometimes in a faithful wife, a self-forgetting and devoted mother; and sometimes in a beautiful and dutiful child?

"It vaunteth not itself,"—it does not call itself by great names; it does not suspect that it is religion. Like the publican, it does not lift up its eyes to heaven, but smites upon its breast, and cries, God be merciful. This lowly, humble, unpretending love is religion.

Another element of religion is purity,—purity of character and purity of life. What the apostle means by being "unspotted from the world," and the Psalmist by "having truth in the inward parts," is religion. Another element is faith,—faith in God. I do not lay this down, as many would, among the duties of religion, but among its blessings. It is one of the blessed privileges of religion to trust God, to lay our burdens upon the Lord, and to make his almighty strength our refuge.

Another element is obedience,—childlike obedience to the divine will, however made known. Here we come again upon duties. To do what we believe the Lord requires is a duty; and it fills out all that is left of religion, and completes the definition. Love, purity, faith, obedience,—these are religion.

What, then, is it to experience religion? It is to love, to live unspotted, to have faith, and to obey God. Whoever has felt a sincere and disinterested love has experienced religion. Whoever has resisted a temptation to sully the purity of his soul has experienced religion. Whoever has gone to his labor trusting that, as the flowers of the field are clothed, and the birds of the air are fed, he and his shall likewise be clothed and fed, has experienced religion. And, finally, whoever has done a duty because it was a duty has experienced religion.

Have you, friends, ever experienced any of this religion? Alas for you if you have not all experienced it!

Let us consider some of the conditions of this experience. In the first place, it is real. It is a fact of the inward life. There is a wide-spread opinion that religious experience is something that hardly belongs to this world, being, as it were, a kind of strange and mysterious opening of the soul to things lying quite beyond the conditions of ordinary mortal life. This account of the matter gives every one the impression that religious experience is quite unlike ordinary human experience, that it belongs to some peculiar state of mind beyond the natural, and that it may, after all, be something imaginary and unreal. Even the best assured have confessed to moments when they have been haunted with doubts of the reality of their religious experience, upon which they have rested their hopes. The real trouble with them is that they have mistaken the nature of religious experience. It is not the experience of something strange, weird, and unnatural, but of something very human, and, thank God, very common. It is an experience of love, purity, faith, and obedience. These are solid facts of every-day human life, about which there is nothing imaginary or unreal.

Nor is there anything uncertain or obscure about this experience. If any one has ever experienced religion, he knows it. A man can have no doubt whether he loves or hates, whether his life is pure or foul, whether his spirit is trustful or despairing, whether he has done what seemed to him to be a duty or what he knew was not. If you have had any experience of religion, it is a very plain matter.

I imagine that all will agree with what I have been saying. But it is very important that we remember what our words mean to us, and that we adhere to our meanings. It is a favorite saying of Unitarians, and perhaps Universalists, that they "have no religion to speak of." That is very well if they mean that they are modest about putting

forth great personal claims to those blessed fruits of the spirit,—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." But, if they could mean that religion, as they understand it, is a matter with which they have very little interest or concern, it surely would be very bad and very sad. This, of course, is not what they mean to say. Still, the phrase is unfortunate. Do not use it. Do not say you have "little religion to speak of." Know what religion means to you, and then think of it a good deal, speak of it directly or indirectly whenever the word in season will do good, and practise it always.

It was a bad answer my friend made when some one said, "You can do that: you are a religious person." The answer was: "Oh, no, I am not. I am not a religious person." Nine out of ten of us would have made that answer; but it was bad. It was either saying, "I do not love, I am not pure, I have no faith, I obey no law," or else it was accepting a definition of religion which is current, to be sure, but which we do not believe in at all. No: let us say, "We are unprofitable servants, unfaithful stewards, miserable sinners," if you please; but let us not say, and let it not be true, that we are not "religious persons,"—not, at least, trying to be such.

Let us never forget, then, that there is such a thing as religious experience; that it is real, that it can be felt and known, and that it is made up of the most precious elements of our spiritual history.

In the second place, a true religious experience is capable of infinite enlargement and of an eternal progress. There are heights and depths in religion to reach which this present life is all too short and eternity is none too long. Between the rudimentary germ of moral life with which the soul begins, and the perfected state toward which it slowly moves, the difference is plainly immeasurable.

Between the poor dumb brute and man, with his awakened soul, there is a chasm which we are sometimes told no development can bridge; but that chasm is as nothing compared to the infinite difference between the rudimentary man and the perfect soul. Well may the apostle say, "We know not what we shall be." Well may he say, "It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath in store." Nothing which has ever been said of the possible riches and glories of a real, true, deep religious experience has been exaggerated, or, indeed, can be, though it may easily pass into the region of unintelligible and unmeaning speech.

The prospect of this destiny, which passeth understanding and beggars speech, has always been humbling to the religious mind. Its language has been, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us," it exclaims, "but unto thy name give glory." It is a true instinct. Surely, if in his religious moments man did not and does not recognize the presence and the providence of God, when would he?

The old theology is entirely right in saying that the possibility of religious experience and all that comes of it are the free gift of God. The Calvinist is entirely right when he says that it is wholly by the "grace of God" he is what he is. It is as true of his body as of his soul, of his natural life as of his spiritual, of his practical as of his religious experience.

Doubtless he should remember that it is by the "grace of God" that he is anything, —that he is a man, a citizen, a mechanic, a millionaire. But, if he forgets all these, let him at least remember that it is by the "grace of God" he is not a heathen or an infidel, and has open before him the possibilities of an ever-growing and enlarging religious experience.

Finally, religion is experienced, so to speak, in instalments,—a little at a time. As it is written, "first the blade, then the ear, then the ripe corn in the ear"; or, again, it is like the mustard-seed and the leaven, becoming great, though beginning small. It is common to speak of the first step in religious experience as "conversion," as "a change of heart." But why more of the first step than of the second? The fact is that a growing religious experience is a perpetual conversion, or change of heart. There are few who are not profoundly conscious of that need, and the purer and sweeter their souls, not the greater the need, but the keener the sensibility of need.

Remember, it was one who knew his own heart who said: "Why callest thou me good?

There is none good but God." Remember, again, who it was, with faith for the moment as weak as ours, who cried, "Why has thou forsaken me?" Yet all of us have some faith, or we could not live. No one is wholly bad; and every child knows what it is to love.

All of us have so far a genuine experience of religion. It ought to be a perpetually fresh experience, a steadily growing experience, and a continually repeated experience. The religion you have experienced to-day—the love, purity, faith, obedience you have experienced to-day—you need to experience again to-morrow. This, and more. A religious experience which is impossible to-day you reach easily to-morrow.

To-day you have faith; but perhaps in virtue (moral fibre) you are weak. To-morrow adds to your faith virtue, but does not bring knowledge. Then you add to virtue knowledge, but lack moderation and self-control. Then you add to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity.

To experience religion is like ascending a mountain whose lofty summit is among the clouds. Farms and villages are upon its gentle slopes, which shade almost imperceptibly into the plain below. Here runs the common road of business and travel, and you seem to be still upon the plain. Then you come upon a sudden swell in the mountain-side, and turn to look at the prospect from its elevation. Lo, what a change! Far beneath you in the valley lie the villages and farms; and the populous plain stretches before you to the right and left till it is lost in the distance. You seem never to have seen the world before. You go on again, following now a winding path, and presently climb a steep spur of the mountain or an overhanging rock. Again the prospect changes, and the world seems new.

So it is in experiencing religion. The experience is long and toilsome and slow. But now and then—very often, if we will—there comes a day never to be forgotten,—a day when, as it were, we seem to have been lifted up into another air, where all the faith, virtue, and knowledge that the trial and discipline of life have brought us break upon us all at once. Then it seems to us we have never known what faith, virtue, and knowledge were before, and have never experienced religion before. But again comes, or may come, just such another memorable day, which lifts us to a higher level; and to our faith, virtue, and knowledge we find we have added patience, godliness, and charity. Then we seem to have experienced religion again. And so we have; and so, if we will, we may again and again to the end.

Let us so live as, like the Master, to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth from day to day, that our experience of religion may be a fact of our every-day life, continually repeated and renewed, enlarging and deepening from stage to stage.

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*OUR UNITARIAN LITERATURE.**

Whenever at a meeting of our Unitarian tribes the purveyor of the rational feast prints on his *menu* "Our Unitarian Literature," it is generally understood that we are to have a speech on the books and pamphlets published by the American Unitarian Association. Not a bad subject for a speech; and, if I do not confine myself to it rigidly this evening, it will not be from any lack of interest in it. The name "tract" is not attractive. But there are tracts and tracts, just as there are deacons and deacons. And there are some published by the Association so good that, if they were printed in letters of gold, it would not be more than they deserve,—such, for example, as Gannett's "Wrestling and Waiting" and Dole's "Doctrine of Prayer," and some that Calthrop and Ames and Collyer have written,—these the literature of power, of inspiration,—and then others which are the literature of knowledge, of instruction, quite as necessary as any; and of these we have many admirable examples. There is one in which I take particular pride, because I got the Association to print it more than twenty years ago. It is dear old Samuel J. May's "What Unitarians Believe," and the point of it is that they don't all believe alike, but believe many different things, and are no worse for that, but all the better; and that is the way in which every tract or book with this title, "What Unitarians Believe," ought to be written. Otherwise, it is a deceit and

*An address to the Unitarian Club of St. Louis, Mo., on Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1895.

a snare; and I might use a shorter word, and come a little nearer to the mark. One of the signs that Unitarianism is dying out is that more than five hundred thousand of these tracts are circulated annually now where only fifteen thousand were circulated immediately before the war. This by the Association, and half as many more by other organizations and individual churches. Happy the church that has its Church-door Pulpit or Post-office Mission to help on the blessed work! Shame on the Unitarian church or individual who has in it no part nor lot!

But the tracts of the Association are only a modest fraction of the literature it sends abroad,—literature, I say, not merely books. All books are not literature. Only so much of the world's printed matter is literature as has some comeliness of form, a certain impress of beauty. Before Buckminster and Channing the New England sermon was seldom a literary production. It had little beauty, that any one should desire it. I know; for my friend Gannett has given me a good many written by his great-grandfather, Dr. Ezra Stiles, president of Yale, and a lot more,—"Chiefly on Death" they are labelled,— by his great-grandfather's father, Isaac Stiles. There is no more literature in them than there is in the multiplication table or in an editorial written in unmitigated newspaper English. Passages in Jonathan Edwards have a haunting loveliness of thought and style; but they are not so numerous upon his page as those bits of paper which he pinned to his coat when he was out walking, and had ideas which he wished to remember when he got home. He must have looked as if he had been tarred and feathered. But some people might do that, and still keep themselves very tolerably "unspotted from the world." The style of Channing, so remarkable for its calm lucidity, has had much to do with the currency of his writings, which, happily, does not abate. He had the power, which all great writers have, of infusing into a transient controversy something of permanent value. To go back to him is always to go forward, because he has the open mind, the forward look. "His truer name is 'Onward.'" There is more dogmatism and bigotry in one of Ingersoll's lectures than in all that Channing ever wrote; and, if we are going to have dogmatism and bigotry, I, for my part, prefer the orthodox variety. It is more what you expect. Incalculable the good that must have been generated by the thousands of copies of Channing's Works that the Association sends forth every year. But his "Life" is more than his "Works"; and, if I could have my way, that should have the wider circulation. It is there you get the best impression of his open mind, and that is the best impression that he has to give.

Then there are Dewey's Works, fresh as their name implies, Martineau's "Endeavors," fifty years old and bettering with age like honest wine, and his incomparable "Studies of Christianity" and Gannett's Life of his father, containing the best history ever written of our New England Unitarian development,—I have read them all, and written one myself,—and the big volume of Parker's Sermons, too little for his mind and heart, and one book of unique excellence, Edward H. Hall's "Orthodoxy and Heresy," which I would especially commend to our progressive orthodox friends, who cannot somehow get over the idea that there is such a thing as Orthodoxy, and that they are "in it." Hence a kind of foolish strut entirely unbecoming, and a very special condemnation of those who have said their good things before them, as if *they* had been intrusted with the keys of the kingdom, and *we* had been climbing up some other way. But by this time it is evident, although the half has not been told, that our Unitarian literature, even within the limits of the Association's catalogue of publications, is a matter of which we have no call to be ashamed, a matter of which we may well be proud, and do our best to give it freer course and wider influence among men. Others would emphasize what I have not. So much the better. That is the beauty of it,—that it represents the breadth and freedom and variety of the Unitarian faith, not perfectly, but wonderfully well.

But our Unitarian literature is not merely the publications of the American Unitarian Association, even when nobly supplemented, as they are, by the publications of the Western Unitarian Conference. These are the

inner forts which we must hold, let come what will; but round about them there are various parallels manned with the courage of our convictions. The first parallel is made up of the characteristic works of Unitarian ministers and scholars not published by our central organizations. It goes without the saying that we have greater riches here than in the official publications, after excluding a few great names upon the list. Even the writers who are represented here are, with a few exceptions, merely represented: we must go elsewhere for the bulk of their accomplishment. How notably in the case of Parker, Allen, Martineau, Clarke, Savage, Gannett! Mind you, I am speaking now of works that have the characteristic stamp of Unitarian thought upon them, not such as Collyer's sermons,—which, if they could have been published honestly as poems, which they are, would have shed their leaves by hundreds, not by tens, of thousands,— but such as Joseph Henry Allen's "Studies in Christian History," and Martineau's studies of Ethics and Religion, and Alger's monumental "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." But the belt of which I am now speaking is rich with many celebrated names and high examples which have no representation whatsoever, or the most inadequate, on the list of our denominational publications. Such with illustrious pre-eminence are Dr. Hedge's "Reason in Religion," "Ways of the Spirit," and his other writings, in which the largeness and the justness of the thought find fit expression in a style of bright but never dazzling splendor.

From Hedge to Furness how easy the transition! And for more than sixty years we have had his—Furness's— countless variations of one glowing theme, that entire humanity of Jesus which he was the first among us to proclaim with lips touched with persuasion. Of the same generation is Bartol, whose "Rising Faith" and "Radical Problems" have not more wit and humor in them than they have of clear perception of the spiritual laws; and, following these, twenty and thirty years, we have all the great accomplishment of O. B. Frothingham, literature to a degree that no other of our company on this side of the Atlantic has quite attained, and Potter's Sermons and Addresses, which, if I am not very much mistaken, are the best realization we have ever had of Dr. Hedge's glorious ideal,—"A religion wide as the widest outlook of the modern mind; a religion free as human thought, concurrent with reason, co-ordinate with science; a religion in which the present predominates over the past, and the future over the present, in which judgment tops authority and vision outruns tradition." "This," said Dr. Hedge, "is the instant demand of a liberal faith." And let all our people say, Amen.

You will understand that I do not attempt a complete enumeration, and possibly omit at each succeeding stage what is too near my heart for me to see it with my eyes. Next to this belt of Unitarian literature, which is compacted of the specifically Unitarian expression of men little or partially represented by our denominational literature,—some of them not at all,—next to this comes our Unitarian hymnology. But are hymns literature? Have they that grace of form, that touch of beauty, which is essential to their being so? Not always and not often. It has been argued that the English people cannot really care for poetry, they are so fond of hymns; and, when one thinks what mechanical contrivances hymns often are, the inference does not seem absurd. But there are hymns and *hymns*, as well as sermons and *sermons*. The Book of Psalms has well been called the "Hymn-book of the Second Temple." What empires and what dynasties have come and gone since they were first the language and the echoes of men's hopes and fears! And in the intervening centuries the noble hymns have not been few, and no time has been more fruitful of them than our own. The poetry of a good hymn is not poetry of the highest rank, for that is the poetry of suggestion; and the poetry of a good hymn must be as clear as day, as simple as the language of a child. It is the poetry of eloquence,—a middle term between the arts of poetry and oratory. Many a good hymn has been spoiled by the heightening of its poetry, losing in directness and simplicity more than it has gained in other ways. Our Unitarian literature is rich in hymns that are the frank expression of our joy in duty's sacred bond, our trust in God, our hope of the immortal life; and what one of our hymnists,—I will not except even Samuel

Longfellow, at whose "sacred desk" I have been standing now for thirty years,—what one of all our hymnists has contributed so much to this expression as "one of your own poets"? And it is to Mr. Hosmer that we look as to no other for the strengthening of our Unitarian hymnology on the side where it is weakest, that of an unaffected love and reverence for Jesus in the fulness of his natural humanity, unspoiled by any artifices of theological or ecclesiastical disfigurement. He has done much for us already in this kind, but he has not done enough. Wider and wider is the circulation of this form of Unitarian literature. It goes where Unitarian preachers could not go, and where an acknowledged Unitarian sermon would be the abomination of desolation in the holy place. In the arid waste of many an orthodox collection I have found myself "up to my knees in cool water" in one of Samuel Longfellow's refreshing hymns. And far beyond our cosey household pleasantness of prayer and praise, what joys and satisfactions of the inner life have been expressed, what ardors and contritions have been inspired, by the hymns of Hedge and Furness and Sears and Frothingham (father and son) and Bulfinch and Brooks and Johnson and Weiss and Parker and Bryant and Gannett and Learned and Clarke and Higginson and Beach and many more, too great a company for me to name them all! Well might we vary the proverbial phrase, and say, "Let me write the hymns of a denomination, and I do not care who writes its theology." No one has studied the hymn side of Unitarianism so carefully as Dr. A. P. Putnam, now of Concord, Mass.; and it did me good to hear him say so frankly as he did, not long ago in Boston at the Berry Street Conference, that the progress of our hymnists had been steadily in the direction of a larger, deeper, fuller spiritual life. This was "praise from Sir Hubert Stanley," for Dr. Putnam is known as one of the most conservative thinkers in the Unitarian body not less than as one of the most lovable and kindly men of all the brethren.

Around this belt of verdure sweeps another of far greater scope,—the literature produced by Unitarians, but not as such; a literature not denominational, not theological, but wide as thought and art; a literature philosophical, historical, fictional, poetical. I should only weary you if I endeavored to make any perfect exhibition of the names and corresponding literary productions of those who, in America alone, have kept the Unitarian faith in the most various fields of literature, some of them breaking with our formal fellowship only to get sea-room for the completer exercise of the most characteristic right and privilege that our faith entails. In metaphysics Dr. Charles Carroll Everett is first without a second among our American schoolmen. But metaphysics is not literature, you may object. Nay, but it is when Dr. Everett writes. In fiction we did more at the beginning than we have done recently, though we do not forget our "Man without a Country," who is that because in all countries he is "a Hale fellow well met" with all who are looking forward, and not back, and who are inclined to lend a hand. Witness for the earlier, Sylvester Judd and William Ware, and Lydia Maria Child of happiest memory, and Hawthorne, master magician of them all. If I chose to "glory in our infirmities," I could add several names to these; and overseas our latest honors wreathe the brows of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose "Robert Elsmere," I must believe, dealing with the morals of religious transition with unparalleled ability, has searched more consciences than other novel of our time. If we turn to history, we salute at once the master-gunners on that deck, Prescott and Palfrey and Bancroft, with Motley and Parkman pressing close behind, and Ellis — entered but now into that mystery concerning which he had no hope nor fear. Moreover, if Dr. Fiske—plain John no more—is not a Unitarian, why is he the cherubic darling of our Unitarian conventions and the prospective biographer of Theodore Parker? And how is it with the poets? Emerson was of us; Bryant was for us; Longfellow, with us; Lowell, not less surely; Holmes, more consciously and polemically than any of his peers. Whittier, whose words are oftenest on our lips in spiritual song, was a Quaker certainly, but a Unitarian Quaker, you must know. Stedman, Sill, Wasson, Higginson, Harriet Hunt Jackson,—all of these were more or less closely affiliated with our Unitarian body. If I should speak of essayists, Emerson, Weiss,

Higginson, Lowell, would again appear, and Curtis, happy continuator of that line which did not break when Steele paid the inexorable debt,—the only one he paid too soon,—and good Sir Roger died. But he was orator as well as essayist, his orations almost as good to read as to hear, especially if we heard them once and can recall the magic tones. If Calhoun's political opinions and great Webster's political lapse make us less proud of their Unitarian standing, we may console ourselves with the remembrance that it was a Unitarian who wrote the Declaration of Independence and another who wrote the Emancipation Proclamation, two trifles of some literary merit of which we are justly proud. But all this glorying would be our shame, were it not that what we care for here is not that we "have been with the rose," or that all these roses, bright, resplendent, sweet, and tender, have been with us, but that they all sprang quite naturally from our Unitarian soil. Then it is good soil, rich with such juices as are the vital sap of literature and art and song. We are without excuse if it does not nourish in our minds and hearts a warm and generous humanity in sympathy with all bright and perfect things.

And still the prospect widens on our view as we ascend,

"Leaving the bright enamelled zones below."

For is not our Unitarian literature every book or phrase or poem of whatever time that is accordant with our Unitarian belief in man and trust in God, our hope of the immortal years, our conviction of the superiority of character to creed, our consciousness of the worth and grandeur of this present life, the beauty and magnificence of the material universe by which it is contained? And with this perception what incalculable expansion comes to the literature which is as truly ours as the last publication of the American Unitarian Association! Do not the oldest Scriptures abound in sentiments and ideas which the modern Unitarian can appropriate without a moment's hesitation? He finds them in the Vedas and Avesta, in the Old Testament and New: Prophets and Psalms, and Gospels and Epistles, shout them to each other, deep calling unto deep. He finds them in Socrates and Plato, in Epictetus and Aurelius, the emperor overshadowed by the slave, on Dante's purgatorial stairs, and in those soul-animating strains which Milton blew. As for Shakspere, he teaches as no other poet has ever taught the intrinsic excellence of virtue and the intrinsic hideousness of sin. In one mighty sonnet he depicts the ethical sternness of our rational belief exactly as we should have depicted it "if we had had *a mind to do it.*" To our Unitarian literature belongs every true poem, every sweet and fair expression that has ever been inspired by any beauty of the outward universe. Wordsworth's daffodils dance, every one of them, in tune with our idea; and so does every verse that celebrates the wonder and the glory of our human life and love. By the canons of this lofty criticism, as much ours as the last tract of the Association is the idyl of Ruth, the passion of Juliet, the lyric joy of Herrick and Waller and Carew and Burns, and Browning's,—at the tomb's mouth, so full of pulsing life,—and Spenser's bridal songs that have already sweetened the world's imagination for three hundred years.

Not merely in sentiment, but in the philosophical imagination of our modern poets, have the prevision and the confirmation of our growing thought of God been something wonderful. In the whole range of recent argument, I do not know of any more effective answer to that *pseudo*-evolutionism which imagines less producing greater things without a Greatest at the heart of all than that which Shakspere gives us in the "Winter's Tale" :—

"Nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean: even that art
Which you say adds to nature is an art
That nature makes."

Seek for the highest point reached by the inspiration of any poet since his time, and, ten to one, you will find this point coincident with his point of most conspicuous agreement with our thought of the deep things of God. If there is one expression in all literature which expresses this thought in perfect sympathy with the profoundest tendencies of the philosophical and scientific mind, it is Wordsworth's largest utterance of his thought of God,—

"A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought."

You will say that I am claiming everything, like the political managers in a close election: nevertheless, it yet remains for me to name a line of books which are our Unitarian literature in a pre-eminent degree, the literature of our Higher Unitarianism, which is not content with an assertion of the numerical unity of God, which apprehends him less as one distinct from three or many than as One including all,—

"One God, one law, one element."

Those who have argued the unity of God against the trinitarian dogma have generally drawn their texts from the New Testament. But the texts which go to prove a great world-unity, which in its turn establishes the all-pervading unity of God, are written everywhere in earth and sea and sky. They bloom in every flower; they glow in every star; they shine in every face; they beat in every heart. If we ascend into the heavens, they are there; if we make our bed in the underworld, behold they are there.

A resolution of apparent difference into essential unity is the outcome of all science. The list of uncompounded substances is growing shorter every year. The spectroscope finds mundane minerals and gases in the farthest stars. The chemist tells us that the coal we burn is sunlight that was organized in ferny leaf and stalk millions of years ago. Darwin's doctrine of the transmutation of species is another unifying stroke. Species are but more distinct varieties; genera, but more definite species. Man does not stand aloof. Naturalists before Darwin found many ideal foreshadowings of man in lower forms of life. They declared an ideal unity. Then came Darwin and his fellow-workers, and showed us that the unity was not merely ideal, but actual. The correlation and conservation of forces is another, and perhaps the grandest, illustration of this all-pervading unity. Light, heat, magnetism, electricity, chemical and vital force,—each is the other with its visor down. So all the writings of Darwin and Wallace, and Tyndall and Huxley, and Grove and Faraday, and Carpenter and Joule, and Mayer and Lockyer and Spencer, are added to our Unitarian literature. What a Unitarian book is Tyndall's "Heat considered as a Mode of Motion"! What others those that celebrate the unities of language, institutions, and religion! But the song goes deeper and higher. All the tendencies of our modern philosophical and scientific thought are to an affirmation of the unity of man and nature, God and nature, man and God,—"that they all may be one." All men and things are manifestations of an Infinite and Eternal Power. What is this Infinite and Eternal Power whose oneness declares itself in the abounding unities of nature and of human life? It is our God. He manifests himself as ONE through all the infinite varieties of the material and human world. There is no such Unitarian as Science: there is no better and no grander Unitarian literature than hers.

Bishop Berkeley's treatise upon tar-water had for his final inference the doctrine of the Trinity. My testimony has been equally enlarged. I began with our Unitarian denominational books and tracts; and I have expanded the circle of our Unitarian literature till it includes all the best of poetry, philosophy, and science, of our own or any time. Is there in this, think you, something of vain-glorious foolishness and pride? I trust it is not so. Not unto us, but unto the great and holy names of those who have created such things for us, be honor and glory, thanksgiving and praise. Let us be glad that we have been so richly dowered, not only by the great scholars and thinkers and poets of our own household and faith, but by a countless multitude beyond its open door. If we are wise, the aspect I have shown will not invite to ease and idleness, to lazy satisfaction in the great things of the spirit which are our portion and our joy. No: it will invite us and compel us to be worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called; to do our best to spread abroad in ever-widening circles the sacred and inspiring truth we dare to call our own:—

"*Ours*, as the sky the eagle's, when he floats
Amid its deeps! *Ours*, as the sun of June
Is propertied by the cup he paints with gold,
Or morning by the birds, whose folded sleep
Her soft ray touches till it flower in song."

John White Chadwick.

THE HAPPIEST WAY.

FROM BALLADS AND SONGS BY JOHN DAVIDSON.

What will my Father say
To a poor man's son?
I will think of a way
My Father may be won.

Love, I know, is strong,
And breaks the barriers down,
Fighting with sword and song,
A champion of renown.

But, oh for the lover's art,
That finds the happiest way!
Best to strike at his heart,
And tell him all to-day.

MME. DE STAËL.

Anne Louise Germaine Necker, Baroness de Staël, who was born in Paris, April 22, 1766, and who died there in July, 1817, was the daughter of the famous financier, Necker, the most popular man in France.

Her mother, Suzanne Curchod, is renowned as the early love of the historian and philosopher, Gibbon, as the wife of the famous Necker, as the head of one of the most popular salons of Paris, and last, but not least, as the mother of Mme. de Staël. Very little sympathy, however, existed between this illustrious mother and daughter.

The mother, Mme. Necker, a great beauty and a talented woman, with no little reputation as a philosopher, was at the same time very reserved, a strict disciplinarian, and rigidly observant of the slightest details of conduct or ceremonial.

The future Mme. de Staël, on the contrary, while inheriting her mother's gifts of intellect, had no pretensions to beauty, and was noted from her earliest years as a romp, a coquette, and a passionate seeker after prominence and attention.

The contrast must have been great between the two. The delicate loveliness and refinement of the mother, and the plain awkwardness and almost uncouth manners of the young girl, "whose form and features," we are told by a contemporary, "were only relieved from positive ugliness by her large and lustrous eyes, in which burned the fires of an extraordinary intellect." The talents of this remarkable child were probably much favored by her education.

M. Necker, her father, was passionately devoted to his only child; and, though at that time the most popular and prominent man in France, he never allowed his important duties as Prime Minister to interfere in any way with his attention to her development. His manner with her was playful, and yet full of an eloquent encouragement, very different from the somewhat rigid severity of her mother; and it was probably this contrast which helped her to form for her father that overwhelming admiration and affection which distinguished her all her after life.

A friend, upon entering the family apartments in the Hôtel Necker, saw Mme. Necker leaving the room, and the child standing in a melancholy attitude, with tears in her eyes. Guessing that her mother had been lecturing her, the gentleman went forward to comfort her, and whispered, "One kiss from your father will make up for all."

Wiping the tears from her eyes, she immediately answered, "Oh, yes, Monsieur, my father thinks of my present happiness, mamma of my future."

There was more than presence of mind in this reply of the brilliant child. There was insight and greatness of soul.

At a very early age Mlle. Necker had her place in her mother's reception-room, which was the resort of many of the first men of the age. Seated on a low stool close to the arm-chair of Mme. Necker, she would listen intently to the conversations of such men as the Abbé Raynal, Baron Grimm, Marmontel, and Gibbon, freely answering any remarks put to her. "For" (we are told) "the distinguished guests loved to surround and challenge by questions the child, who, young as she was, was never at a loss." At this time, too, she delighted in books far beyond her years, and, when taken to the theatre or opera, would make extracts, on her return, of the parts which pleased her.

When still younger, her favorite amusement had been to cut figures of kings and queens out of paper, and cause them to act tragedies. Thus she had her puppets, as Goethe had his.

At eleven, she is said to have joined in philosophical and metaphysical discussions, and to have composed portraits and panegyrics after the fashion of the day. At fifteen, she wrote comments on published

articles; and in the same year, upon the appearance of her father's "Treasury Report" for the first five years of his ministry, she addressed him an anonymous letter, which, however, betrayed her, to the father's experienced eye, by its style.

From her father Mlle. Necker inherited that lively imagination which, repressed in the statesman, constituted one of the chief charms of his daughter, though in her later years it very materially increased her sensitiveness to trouble and misfortune. He also transmitted to her those ardent feelings—that passion for all that is great and beautiful, for glory, liberty, and virtue—which were her strongest characteristics through life.

At twenty she married Eric Magnus, Baron de Staël, Swedish ambassador to Paris. There appears to have been no affection among the ingredients composing this marriage, and it was probably nothing more than one of the "mariages de convenance" so ordinary among the higher circles in France. We have a portrait of her from one of the authors of the time. It is supposed to be translated from a Greek poet. "Zulma" is the name here given her.

He says, "Zulma is about twenty years old; and she is already the most celebrated of the priestesses of Apollo, the one whose incense is sweetest, and her songs the most acceptable.

"Her large black eyes beam with the light of genius. Her ebony hair falls in wavy curls upon her shoulders. Her features are rather marked and striking than delicate, and suggest something beyond the destiny of her sex." The portrait might almost be that of George Eliot.

This epoch of history, which was distinguished for its excessive analysis, and sceptical tendency, was with her a period of enthusiasm,—enthusiasm for genius, for nature, for misfortune.

"There is in her life and writings," says a critic, "a tone of frank exaggeration, which is not without its charm, even though at times it may provoke a smile."

For her father, her enthusiastic love and admiration were unbounded; and in speaking of her mother, in connection with him, she says, "How could she help being unique, when her days were spent with him?" At the very outset of her career she acknowledges this beloved father as her inspiration, the hand from which she had received a torch, the fountain whence had flowed in upon her a vast wave of noble speech, like that for which Dante blessed Virgil of old.

Mme. de Staël's unrivalled conversational powers made her house the focus to which the literary and distinguished of every party rallied.

She especially shone in argument, and seldom failed to defeat her adversary, though she is said to have invariably conducted the dispute with a grace and playfulness of manner which prevented the self-love of even the egotist from being wounded, and, above all, with a simplicity and total absence of affectation characteristic alone of true genius.

"If I were a queen," said the aged Mme. de Tessé, "I would order Mme. de Staël to talk to me all day long."

Her first great work was a tribute of gratitude to her favorite author, Jean Jacques.

In literature, as in life, she had her filial devotion, and this work in honor of one who had been an inspiration and leader to her was a hymn full of clear and earnest thought, varied by delicate observation, commanding and lofty in its tone.

In politics Mme. de Staël had become disgusted with the corruption of the reign of Louis XVIII., and dreamed of an ideal republic; but during the terrible Revolution of 1791, after the expulsion of the reigning family, she was obliged to fly from Paris, and take refuge in the Pays de Vaud. During the dreadful period of bloodshed and violence preceding the death of Robespierre her anguish and misery at the cruel sufferings and oppression of her beloved people were such that she says she "only desired death for herself, and the end of the world for the abandoned human race." Her wonderful intellectual faculties, however, received a thrilling impulse, and were greatly stimulated by the horrors of that terrible time.

A French writer of the period says of her that "at that time, in her conversations and writings, there were tears even in her most brilliant touches and tones."

In 1793 she visited England, the refuge and sanctuary of political exiles in all ages and from every clime; and, like the rest, she

was welcomed with a hospitality made more kind by sympathy. Her fame, too, had preceded her; and she almost immediately found herself the centre of a brilliant society, in which were some fellow-refugees, including Talleyrand and Narbonne.

It was probably partly owing to her warm and hearty reception, in the time of trouble, by the English people, that she always wrote and spoke of them later in terms of the highest enthusiasm, and "of the freedom and security" which she saw in England, "extended to all classes, giving energy and strength and activity alike to both people and government."

"The English nation," she says, "is, in all its extent, the aristocracy of the rest of the world by reason of its *savoir-faire* and virtues." "It seems as a nation," she adds, "one entire body of gentlemen."

She remained among this congenial people until, upon the death of Robespierre, she returned to France.

Of her first meeting with Napoleon, whom the Germans call the "man of fate," but who had not at that time acquired any of the almost unlimited power which he assumed later, she writes, what to us now looks like a prophecy, but which was in reality only a forecast of character as reflected upon the strong lens of her powerful intellect.

She says: "I was impressed on first seeing Napoleon with a strong feeling of fear. I had seen men worthy of high esteem, I had also seen monsters of ferocity; but there was nothing in the effect he produced on me to bring back either the one or the other. His character," she adds, "is not to be defined by the words we generally use. He is neither good nor violent, nor gentle nor cruel, after the manner of individuals of whom we have any knowledge. Such a being has no fellow, and therefore can neither excite nor feel sympathy. He is more, or less, than a man. His cast of character, his understanding, and his language are stamped with the zeal of an unknown nature. Every time he spoke I was struck by his superiority, yet the impression was of a kind of which my earlier or later knowledge can furnish no examples."

The feeling of dislike or antagonism between these two extraordinary beings seems to have been mutual. It has been called her "duel with Napoleon"; but it is not to be wondered at, that the first man in France in arbitrary power, and the first woman in intellectual ability, both being possessed of ambition as a dominant trait, should occasionally come into collision.

Bonaparte was displeased because, having conversed personally with Mme. de Staël, he was aware that her general ideas were unfavorable to his views; that her house was a rallying point for the disaffected, and that the discussions which took place there tended to preserve the love of liberty which it was his object to extinguish. "She speaks neither of politics nor of me, as they affirm," said Napoleon; "and yet I know not how it happens, those who have seen her always like me less."

In 1803 Mme. de Staël paid her first visit to Germany to obtain the material for her great work on that country,—a work which has been called "the most remarkable account of one country by a native of another which exists in literature." Here in Germany, as in England, she found her literary reputation established, men of genius crowding to do her homage, and sovereigns disputing the honor of her society. Napoleon's unscrupulousness and petty assumption of power showed itself in his ordering the suppression of this work on Germany after it had been carefully submitted to his criticism, and again in the banishment of its author from Paris, and finally from France, "the act," says one of the least friendly of Mme. de Staël's critics, "being unquestionably one of odious tyranny, the only excuse for it, being that Napoleon is Napoleon." A German critic of her work on Germany says, "She seems to have written it with her soul,—never was poetry written of with more poetry, or religion and enthusiasm with a more religious enthusiasm; and she takes," he adds, "infinite care to draw a strict line between enthusiasm and fanaticism, defining the former as God within us."

During her visit to Germany Mme. de Staël met both Goethe and Schiller. For the latter her admiration was unbounded, "especially," she says, "for his simplicity of character, which, united with his transcendent genius, seems to offer the nearest approach to a divine nature."

Neither Goethe nor Schiller, however, seems to have been so favorably impressed

with her. Baron Humboldt attributes this to the fact that neither of the illustrious poets was familiar with the fluencies of oral French, and supposes that weariness, occasioned by the trouble they found in limping after the brilliant conversationalist, so as to catch the thought she uttered, was the cause of their unfavorable impression.

Schiller, writing to Körner, says of her, "The devil has sent us a French *she*-philosopher, who is, of all living creatures I have met, the most vivacious, the most inclined to argue, and the most ready with words; but," he adds, "she is also the most cultivated, the most spirituelle of women. You can imagine, however, how such an apparition and such a wit, who is at the head of French culture, and who comes suddenly upon us as from the abyss of another world, must contrast with our German nature. She frightens away all my poetry, and I am at a loss for words. I see her often; and, furthermore, as I cannot express myself readily in French, I really pass terrible hours." He concludes, "One is obliged, however, to esteem and honor highly this woman for her beautiful intelligence and for her spirit, which is broad and liberal on many sides."

Another illustration of the difficulty which the French and Germans seem to have in understanding and appreciating one another's national characteristics may be found in Mme. de Staël's acquaintance with the philosopher Augustus Schlegel, who was for many years domesticated in her family as the tutor of her sons. Constant association with a man of such learning and tastes must have been a source of enjoyment, and have somewhat sweetened the bitterness of exile. There were, however, drawbacks to this pleasure. Schlegel had his weaknesses. He was vain and irritable, and it required all the tact of which Mme. de Staël was mistress to avoid wounding his self-love.

He spoke to her in private with the utmost deference, but he was so fearful that his position in her household might be considered subordinate, that he constantly addressed her in the presence of strangers, as *chère amie* (which suggests in French a close degree of intimacy). This bluntness and lack of good taste, annoyed Mme. de Staël excessively, but she never allowed him to perceive her disapprobation.

From Germany she passed on to Italy, finding material in this lovely country for her "Corinne," which from the moment of its appearance established her fame from one end of literary Europe to the other.

Mme. de Staël had no affected modesty with regard to her own merits, in spite of her natural simplicity; for it is related by a contemporary and friend of hers that upon one occasion, having gone with the beautiful Mme. Récamier upon a pleasure excursion on the Lake of Geneva, a sudden storm came on, and the party narrowly escaped drowning.

"What a paragraph," she exclaimed "this might have made for a newspaper! With what effect the editor might have said, 'The most beautiful woman in the world and the most talented woman of the age have perished at the same moment'!"

But it has been observed by one well acquainted with her that, "though fully aware of her own gifts, no one was more ready to do homage to genius which she considered superior to her own."

Mme. de Staël during her exile spent some time at the court of Sweden, where she was much fêted and honored; but nowhere did her brilliant genius receive greater honor than at the court of St. Petersburg, where she spent one winter, the special guest of the Czar Alexander.

In all her wanderings, however, she turned her longing eyes toward her beloved France, from whose shores she had been so long and cruelly banished. Nothing seemed to make her forget for long that she was an exile; and yet this is not difficult to understand, when we remember her enthusiastic love for her native country and for French society, and, above all, when we realize that Paris at that period was the theatre of events which held the world breathless. It is said that, when the order was first issued by Napoleon, to forbid her coming "within forty leagues of Paris," instinctively and obstinately, like the noble steed forever straining at its tether, she lingered on the fatal limit. She saw no beauty in the exquisite lakes of Switzerland with their mirrored sky and snow-capped mountains, but sighed constantly for the poor little stream which ran past her Paris home in the Rue de Bac.

Some time before this, in 1797, Mme. de

Staël had been formally separated from her husband (by whom she had had three children), though at his death in 1802 we find her tenderly nursing him. Her two sons did not distinguish themselves in any way. Both died young, the younger being shot in a duel, and the other surviving his mother but a short time. Her daughter became Duchesse de Broglie, and the wife and mother of French statesmen and scholars of distinction.

The year 1806 was to Mme. de Staël so long that her imagination refused to picture another such season of torture; but it was nearing the close of her exile, for on the restoration of Louis XVIII. she was again placed in the midst of all that was valuable in Paris, her father's colossal fortune, two million pounds sterling, of which she had been deprived by the injustice of Napoleon on her banishment, being again refunded to her. Her attachment to liberal principles, however, still continued in the ascendant; and this independent person did not forbear even then to convey her opinions very freely to the ministers of Louis, and also to his allies, in favor of a constitutional liberty.

In 1811, nine years after the death of her husband, Mme. de Staël married a French officer named Rocca, a man of rank inferior to her own, and twenty-three years her junior. M. Rocca was a great lover of seclusion, and little has been said of this marriage except that it was an eminently happy and congenial one. M. Rocca's health was not good; and the remaining six years of Mme. de Staël's life were spent in travelling or in comparative quiet, surrounded by a select little circle at Coppet, the beautiful Swiss home left her by her father. Here Lord Byron, who had much quizzed her on the occasion of her London visit, was compelled to bow before the power of her genius. He was a constant visitor. In the winter of 1817 she returned to Paris and reopened her salon; but it was soon closed, for she died after a short illness the following July at the age of fifty-one, M. Rocca surviving her only a few months.

Shortly before her death Mme. de Staël said to Chateaubriand, "Happy or sorrowful, I have always been the same: I have loved God, my father, and Liberty."

In a conversation with Schlegel toward the end, she said, "I think I know what the passage is from life to death, and I am sure that the goodness of God will soften it." Her anticipations were realized, for she passed away quietly in her sleep. The loss, however, to those she left was a great blow. M. Rocca never recovered from it; and her intimate friend, Mme. Récamier, was inconsolable. Between these two women, the one so gifted and the other so beautiful, perfect sympathy had existed since the very commencement of their friendship; and, it is to the honor of both, each enjoyed the triumphs of the other. There was no touch of rivalry or jealousy between them, though Mme. de Staël was once heard to remark that she would "barter all her talents for the one gift of beauty." This has been cited as a proof of "inordinate vanity": it proceeded, however, more probably from a desire to be loved. She had seen in the universal adoration of her friend the power of her beauty, and she longed for something sweeter than mere intellectual incense.

"I will force my daughter," she said, "to make a marriage for love."

She never complimented Mme. Récamier so much as on her power of inspiring affection.

"I have told you a thousand times," she writes to her, "that you are the happiest of women; but you will not believe me. I see the impression you make, and such power seems to me the most sublime earthly happiness."

The brilliant literary and social successes of Mme. de Staël naturally attracted toward her the bitter criticisms of a band of mocking spirits,—Michaud, Fiévée, and others of a later date. According to Grimm, however, who had known her from childhood, the object of their satires occupied a height too elevated to be reached, much less hurt, by such envious shafts.

The style of Mme. de Staël has been objected to as daring and *outré*, and cavilling critics have found many faults with her works on this account; but pedants will always take infinite pains to detect what they call "negligences of style" in every great author. Four hundred faults were discovered by one critic alone, in the "Andromache" of Racine, and there are criticisms now extant which accuse Boileau of not writing French.

The loftiest order of genius cannot, however, be impeded by such slender bands. Its pen, guided by the majestic power within, moves proudly on, creating for itself its style.

The faults of Mme. de Staël arose from the same source as did her excellences,—namely, an aspiring desire to be original, brilliant, discriminating; and yet it is almost universally conceded that her faults bear but a slight proportion to her merits.

Her range of subjects as an author is large and lofty. Conscious of her own superiority, she has selected those not to be mastered by ordinary minds. "The Relations of Civil Government," "The Effects of Climate on our Imagination," "Influence of Literature," and "Subtleties of German Literature" were not above her capacity; and yet the effect of her works, as of her words, was always conciliatory, stimulating to the social sentiment and to the love of our kind. Her unselfish heart embraced the world in default of personal happiness.

In speaking of books, she says, "The book which merely affords a day's distraction to sorrow is a good book, and may be useful to the best of men."

In her writings, in her conversation, in her whole personality, there was a healing, soothing, emotional quality, which communicated itself to her hearers and survives for her readers. Far different from many a so-called genius, there was in her no trace of arrogance or irony toward human nature.

She boasted no religion, and for this reason has been called a free thinker; and yet she was truly religious in the broadest and most modern sense of the term.

"There are only beginnings on this earth," she says; and again, "I cannot think that so mighty a creation as man's moral nature has ever been abandoned by its Maker."

The last work of this great woman was the "French Revolution," which she died before accomplishing. The Duc de Broglie, her son-in-law, says concerning it: "There is a melancholy analogy between the subject of the work and the fate of its brilliant author. The dying accents of the finest genius in France are employed in lamenting the ruin of her beloved country."

Such, in brief, is the life history of a woman second to none in the literary annals of the past century,—a woman with a magnificent personality, whose far-reaching influence has done more than the world at large recognizes to-day toward the elevation and enfranchisement of her sex.

BLANCHE P. BAGLEY.

GLIMPSES OF SPAIN.

Andalusia, the land of poetry and romance, the battlefield for eight hundred years of Christian knights and Moorish chivalry, has great fascination for the lover of poetry and romance.

But it is necessary to carry a great deal with one to Spain, as well as to Greece, in order to be able to recall the glory of the past, and to bring up the vision of former magnificence of her now decayed cities.

Andalusia is the garden of Spain, formed by a genial climate, fertile soil, and picturesque scenery; but with the Moors went the agricultural and commercial prosperity of the country.

The Spaniards allowed the magnificent system of irrigation introduced by the Moors to fall into decay and disuse; and to-day large portions of even favored Andalusia are a barren waste, where for miles nothing is to be seen growing except the huge cacti. Neither have the vast mineral resources of Spain been developed. Cadiz is probably old Tarshish, to whose port Solomon sent his ships for gold. The mineral wealth and genial climate of Southern Spain made her the prey in turn of Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, and Moors.

Recently a large English syndicate has obtained permission from the Spanish government to operate one of the richest of the gold mines.

The Spaniards at different periods of their history have shown indomitable courage and endurance as soldiers. But in the great industrial triumphs of the nineteenth century Spaniards have taken little part.

The railroad between Algeciras (across the bay from Gibraltar) to Bobadilla, completed by an English company in 1892, makes a tour of the principal cities of Spain comparatively easy. But travelling is still far from easy in Spain. Trains run very slowly,—are continually behind time. The road-beds are poor, and the first-class carriages very dirty. The second-class beggar description.

We were sixteen hours going from Algeciras to Granada. True, the train was four hours late; but that is the usual thing in Spain. No one is in a hurry in this sleepy land.

Granada, to the tourist, means the Alhambra hill and the cathedral. Yet the dead city, with its narrow, lane-like streets, is very quaint and picturesque.

The old city reaches from the plain, intersected by the river Darrow, up the sides of four hills, crowned by the Alhambra, which was the fortress as well as the palace of the Moors.

The two hotels, "Washington Irving" and "De Roma," are upon the Alhambra hill. I do not believe there is another spot so beautiful as those wooded groves of the Alhambra, with their rippling waters, fragrance of flowers, and songs of birds. From the rose-bordered terrace at one end of what was the fortified hill of the Moors is a view over river and dale, with the blue mountains circling the horizon, which cannot be described, and which will always remain to me a vision of perfect beauty.

In attempting to give an idea of the palace of the Alhambra, the photographic views are better than any possible word painting, only these do not give the glory of the coloring.

The whole enclosed space within its gates is small. I cannot understand any one's getting lost in the ruins. A good walker can cover every inch of ground in half an hour, but the beauty of it all holds one enthralled; and at least a week should be spent on the Alhambra hill to obtain any adequate conception of the beauty of the architecture, and the grandeur of the views from the different parts of the palace.

There are no public monuments of importance in Granada, except those that date from the Moors and the "Catholic kings."

There are few traces left of the line of walls, and of the 1,030 towers with which the Moors fortified Granada when it had a population of 400,000 and a garrison of 60,000 soldiers.

The cathedral is a fine specimen of Græco-Roman architecture. Charles V. invited the great artists of the world to decorate the cathedral.

The Chapel Royal, built by Ferdinand and Isabella, and containing their tombs,—magnificent alabaster sarcophagi, with full-length reclining figures sculptured in marble,—is the most interesting part of this cathedral.

This chapel presents the history of Ferdinand and Isabella in a series of paintings and basso-relievo. By the altars are the standards they carried at Granada, and their portraits, said to be excellent likenesses, copied from the originals in the gallery at Madrid.

The painting representing the giving up of the keys of Granada is most interesting, as the costumes of the times are said to be exactly reproduced.

The inscription on the wall of the chapel reads thus,—after the few opening phrases,—"who crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from their realms, and reformed religion." Not a word of the discovery of a new world, the great glory of their reign.

The Generalife, the summer villa of the sultans of Granada, with the beautiful Moorish gardens and remnants of the old palace, is now the property of the Grunaldi family of Genoa; but, with the generosity which characterizes the most of the owners of the historic places of Europe, it is thrown open to travellers.

We left Granada with deep regret that we had not planned for a longer stay. A tiresome journey, begun at 4.30 in the morning, brought us to Seville at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Fair is proud Seville! Let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days."

A later couplet gives her history:—

"Alcides condidit, renovavit Julius urbem,
Restituit Christo Fernando tertius heros."

Under the Phœnicians, Seville was a port of importance.

Martial and Juvenal celebrated its magnificence. Under the Moors, it reached its greatest prosperity; and, with the discovery of America, the gold and commerce of the New World revived some degree of its former splendor.

In the middle of the eighth century 130-000 persons were employed in the silk trade alone.

It had great schools and universities, and was, after Cordòva, the most important city in Spain.

When Seville was surrendered to Ferdinand, 1248, 400,000 Moors, Jews, and Arabs left the city. With them went the prosperity and glory of Seville. The bigoted Spaniards cared nothing for learning and commerce. The expulsion of the Moors was a fatal blow to the prosperity of Spain.

Modern Seville has a good deal of life and gayety in its streets. The people are comfortably clad, and look happy and well fed. The Moorish portion is most interesting, and evidently the most comfortable. The cool, narrow streets, and the houses built about the *patio*, or central court, with its fountain and trees, are the best for tropical climates.

The cathedral at Seville was badly damaged by the earthquake of 1884; and the interior is so filled with scaffoldings and braces that its grandeur is, in a measure, destroyed. As in all Spanish cathedrals, the choir is in the centre, and takes away from the size of the cathedral.

The Moorish Giralda, or tower, the Gothic interior, and the Græco-Roman exterior make this one of the grandest as well as the most interesting of cathedrals.

The stained-glass windows, ninety-three in number, are very fine. The cathedral is rich in painting and sculpture by the greatest Spanish artists.

The Chapter-house contains, in my estimation, Murillo's finest Madonna, almost as impressive as Raphael's Sistine Madonna. It is hung, as a Madonna should be, by itself, in a religious house. The Saint Anthony of Padua, one of Murillo's greatest pictures, hangs in another chapel, but, owing to the dim light, is not to be seen with any satisfaction.

Seville is the place to study this great master. In the picture gallery are nineteen beautiful paintings by his hand, nearly all hung together. We had the gallery to ourselves, and could study the pictures without interruption.

The Alcazar, a portion of the old Moorish palace, with its beautiful gardens, the House of Pilate, a smaller Alcazar, the palace of San Telmo, the Moorish Giralda, and the Moorish houses are interesting relics of Seville's ancient glory.

One of our days in Seville was All Saints' Day; and many worshippers, principally women, came to the cathedral. The ladies were dressed in black, and wore the most becoming of mantillas over their heads, and, as they lifted their dresses in walking, displayed the most elaborate lace-trimmed petticoats in dainty pinks and blues and the most bewitching feet and ankles. The ladies of Seville are celebrated for their beauty; and they deserve their reputation.

As to picturesque costumes among the people, we saw almost none. The adoption of the English dress is almost universal; and among the common people all picturesqueness and beauty have departed with the peasant dress. Only the little children are beautiful. Many of them had faces like Murillo's cherubs.

The festival which closed the Alcazar kept us a day longer in Seville, and compelled us to forego our visit to Cordova, in order to reach Gibraltar on November 4 to sail on the "Kaiser Wilhelm."

Contrary to our expectations, we found the hotels in the larger cities very comfortable, and the cooking very palatable. But we were told that the hotels were all kept by foreigners, and that the cooking was French. A night spent at an inn in Ronda, a small Spanish town, gave us some idea of what travellers mean when they talk of the discomforts to be endured in Spain off the beaten track. A knowledge of Spanish or a courier would be a necessity, as we were convinced after one night at Ronda, where no person in the hotel spoke a word of any language but Spanish.

MARIE C. REMICK.

THE INCENSE OFFERING.

This fragrant cloud ascending from thine altar
Speaks forth the love that on my heart doth burn,
And shows that with both shame and deep regretting
I from my past unrest and vileness turn.
When fades the cloud forever from my sight,
My Father, fill my darkened soul with light.

Thou needest not this sign of warm affection,
Thy searching eye can pierce my nature through;
And, should it find my worship but a falsehood,
Even sweetest incense could not make it true.
While love is on my lips as my heart's prayer,
My Father, prove my heart no falsehoods there.

'Tis I, not thou, who need the burning incense,
To aid my soul upon its upward flight,

To fix my thought, through sense, intent upon it,
Too weak in faith to quite dispense with sight.
So long my fettered life has captive been,
My Father, I must trust through what is seen.

Sweet as it smells, I count it no oblation,
No sacrificial offering worthy thee,
But let it witness, as did Mary's spikenard,
My soul like hers thy sacrifice shall be.
When passing from my sense the fragrance sweet,
My Father, show the sacrifice complete.

Oh, as the burning incense spreads around me,
Blending felt beauty with my humble psalm,
So spread through my poor heart thy sweet forgiveness,
The cloud has passed from view, my soul is calm.
So full my heart of life and love divine,
My father, thus I know that thou art mine.

J. EDWARDS.

Reefton, New Zealand.

THE PROGRESS OF THE FEMININE.

I do not believe that social students have given anything like adequate attention to the probable results of the recent comparative progress made by women. President Seelye of Amherst tells us that, at the present rate of change, women will be better educated by the opening of the next century than men will be in the United States. This statement will not startle us unpleasantly; for it calls to mind the words of the Cherokee chief, who said that, after continued effort to educate their boys to civilization, they gave it up, for in every case the Indian mother carried the next generation back to the savage level,—no progress was secured. "At last," said he, "we found we must educate the girls also: then we began to civilize." That a race of mothers highly educated is going to have a mighty influence over the race as it comes into existence is certain. No possible plan for hurrying evolution forward with greater speed could be devised than broadening the ideal and emotional life of women.

But the physical change going on with women is equally marked and equally favorable. Education has taken with them the same turn as with men. School life has gone over at Smith and Vassar to athletics, as it has at Cornell and Harvard. Spectacles are no longer fashionable in either class of colleges. A sound body is recognized as a requisite to a wholesome life-work. "Whether to be whole or wholesome is the demand that God and nature make upon us." So writes one of the most able women physicians. There is less preparation for another life because it is recognized that life is one. But the effect on motherhood will be steadily perceptible. A stronger physical race will certainly displace the over-excitable stock that bears the American name to-day.

All winter I have turned aside from my desk work to rest, to enjoyment, to consolation, to inspiration, in the writings of American women. Do you realize that by all odds our best story-writers are women? They have created a new age. While Zola and his fellows of France were moped after by some of our masculines, woman has come to the front with a purity, a simplicity, a splendid artistic power, that have prevented realism from getting a landing here. Not only this, but their work has reacted on Europe; and now in France the simple story-teller with exquisite art is once more in popular favor. To my mind Mrs. Catherwood and Mrs. Austin are not equalled by any writer of the other sex now living; while, if we place Miss Murfree in the least degree behind the other two, it is because her stories somewhat repeat themselves in tone and characters. Miss Phelps and Miss Jewett are hardly less honorable, and, perhaps, are more generally useful. We men are slow to comprehend this, perhaps not over-anxious to acknowledge it. I have lived through the great age of English novelists and critics, through that also of our American Cooper and Irving,—have read, studied, enjoyed, appreciated; and, from a purely critical standpoint, I say our American women, beginning with Mrs. Stowe, have created an era of novel-writing a rifle's range ahead of them all. The women fairly outrank the men as novel-writers at the close of the nineteenth century.

I remember in 1855 walking along a New York Street and seeing the sign of a woman doctor. My companion said, "There, that is the second woman in America to hang out her shingle." Perhaps his figures were not just correct, but it was certainly a great novelty. The whole of mankind pricked with indignation all over its delicate cuticle. In Chicago in 1877 I had three women physicians in my church society, and women lawyers and women merchants and women clerks as well, besides

one who has since become a faithful preacher. I read the other day of the ordination of a Presbyterian woman preacher. At any rate, the Congregationalists, Baptists, Unitarians, Methodists, have ordained a large number, and in spite of Paul and the first century. What may we anticipate? The churches long since in membership and work passed over to the other sex. But, from the very earliest origins of human society, the evolution of the family went on in two collateral lines, the State and the Church. The feebleness of the Church at any era does not mean its suppression, not by any means. It is a permanent factor of human evolution. If now we refuse to let women manage the State, the Church is going over to their care and their directive spirit. By and by the relative power of Church and State will grow more equal; and then you see once more the feminine element and spirit brought forward. But in State affairs there is no question about the result. We all know women will vote before long in all civilized lands. It is very well she gets the power to do everything else first, because we emphasize the value of the ballot too much.

The rise and growth of women's clubs is something to be studied. Lying before me are the programmes of work of three, that of St. Louis, that of Denver, and that of Utica. I find on the cover of one of these this motto,—"Organization is the test as well as the sign of intelligence"; and a second motto is, "Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, I will be brief." These mottoes are very significant. They indicate that the rise of the feminine in social life is not a mere revolt of the individual, but that women will act organically for their own good and for the race. It has never seemed quite certain what was to come out of the canvass for woman's rights. The demand for suffrage has shown a good deal of power to bring about co-operation; but it has certainly met a great deal of apathy. It has made a few women very notable: it has not created an organized power for anything beyond suffrage. These clubs have sprung up as if by magic. They are everywhere; and they are in every case aggressively social. The Utica Club informs me it has over three hundred members, and steadily growing. There are Federations of State Clubs, and a Federal Union of State Organizations. Men have done nothing like as complete organic work. But equally important is the work done inside these clubs. The topics discussed are very diverse, but very stimulating to intellectual and moral growth. Music, art, science, literature, criticism, education, government, wealth, are all in the programme; and severest criticism will be compelled to allow that the essays that have been published are able, incisive, and practical.

The place where men who dread the feminine element have most to fear is not in politics, but in business. Rest assured, they are not going to be content with the positions of saleswomen and office clerks. The time is very near when the whole Saxon business world will probably be dominantly controlled by women. They will be our ship-owners and insurance brokers, and in all avenues of trade will show a promptness and accuracy and persistency that constitute success. Our race will not thereby be bankrupted. Woman has peculiarly fine business tact. She has shown this in securing control of education and in her management of our schools. She has shown it in the professions and in agriculture. There are few fools left to spend useless logic to show that a woman unsexes herself by business tact and by self-support. I have not for several years seen a quarterly article to prove that woman is destined by nature for housekeeping and cradle-rocking solely. The password of the age is co-operation and profit-sharing. Why should not a home epitomize society? The two sexes should co-operate and share together. President Dwight, of Yale, who is known for a logical believer in coeducation, says that, allowing that home is woman's peculiar sphere, he cannot see why home should not be the sphere of serious and broad thinking on all such questions as enthuse our world life. But woman in the Saxon world never was a worker in a separate sphere from man, and she never will be. We have succeeded best where our whole lives have been most fully conjoined and co-operative.

Last summer I was invited to address the people who were gathered at Greenacre Inn a sort of sociological school at Eliot, Me. There I found the most remarkable gathering of people I have seen for many a day.

The lecturers were perhaps evenly of either sex, but the spirit and power was that of a woman. It is not my desire to use words that might touch so spiritually true a work with flattery; but I will say that it gave me a hint of that possible higher social life which can, and perhaps will, be lived by us before many years. So much, I said, is coming from the larger dominance of woman in society,—woman not as the slave of masculine will or passion, but woman free to work out her best self. No age was ever great or grand in which the female influence was not unusually strong. But there is a spiritual possibility born itself of the holy duty of motherhood that will, I believe, when permitted, grace us all, as a mother would make gracious her boy. We need this brooding over us; and it now looks much as if we were wise to get the blessed influence into modern society. At Greenacre I sat in Whittier's sacred chair, and I felt what a true cross of the feminine and masculine is. Whittier, if anything, had most of the feminine. Then I could not but turn back, and see that he, the beautiful, the good, was, at least in common judgment, too feminine for the world he was born into. Will he bring the world over to his rifleless, bludgeonless views? Will the Americans of the twentieth century be of the Whittier sort? In other words, are there not possible developments of human society that we have not dreamed of? We have seen here and there a rare, saintly character, and have thought it all right to worship it with fine literature; but to suppose that in the mass human beings can be beautiful and true, gentle as strong, really saintly,— this has never got into our heads. We cannot conceive it. Goodness is somehow associated with unworldliness, uniqueness, or else with feebleness. But is it not quite possible that a highly educated feminine element coming strongly to create public sentiment, and create the atmosphere of legislation and jurisprudence and social economy, will work a marvellous change?

What is the feminine? Is it essentially weakness or dependence, except as our laws and customs have made it to be so? I have made some careful studies in lower social life, and I find that there are three male suicides to one female. Woman is an optimist. She will endure more with sustaining grit than we can. But, again, in baser homes there are five women sustaining a drunken husband and carrying the burden of the family to one man doing a similar work. A man will rarely tolerate a drunken wife; and, if matters go badly, he will run away. The woman will adjust herself to the bitter burdens of a hard life, and rarely flinch. The women that fail are mostly of that class that is treated as dutiless, to be supported by a male partner. Such women lose moral tone, and often collapse in character altogether. A woman must be recognized as having natural strength as well as beauty; and, so understood and understanding herself, it is a very bad heredity that will make her fall.

To say that ages have sex characteristics, and that our age is passing from the dominantly masculine to the dominantly feminine is not, therefore, to forecast inferiority or feebleness. In fact, no ages have been so marked for strong, fine characteristics, for optimistic resolution, for great thoughts and noble deeds, as those which must be historically classified as least masculine and most feminine. The Roman Empire, under Augustus, was a peaceful empire, inspired for the first time with domestic purpose; and that, we understand, was why a religion of gentleness and peace had a chance to be heard in the world. Chastity was the peculiar virtue of the new faith; and its law was love. A study of its founder discovers a man who had all the qualifications of masculinity, but those of femininity as well. No painter has dared to picture him as in the least degree like the Cæsars, or even the Ciceros and Scipios. On the contrary, his face is limned with gentleness, affection, sweetness, as well as strength, resolution, and endurance. We are compelled to believe that the power of Jesus over humanity is in the fact that he was as sweetly lovable as he was masterful; in fact, was feminine and masculine in nearly equal degrees. In our Saxon life also the finest development of literature, of science, of trade, has been associated with the rule of women. England knows no periods like those of Anne, of Elizabeth, of Victoria.

E. P. Powell.

Clinton, N.Y.

A HUNDRED UNITARIAN SUNDAY CIRCLES.

What is the next aggressive missionary movement for the Unitarians of this country to give their attention to? I believe it is the establishment of religious Sunday circles, or what I may call simple parlor churches, in a hundred—yes, in five hundred—communities where there are now no liberal religious churches or services.

Unitarian thought is making its appearance everywhere. Our books, tracts, and printed sermons are being widely circulated by means of our Post-Office Missions and other agencies. Science is our ally. The periodical press of the country is also our ally, powerful and everywhere present. So is the natural reason or common sense of men. Thus in nearly every community, whether of city or country, there are minds in essential sympathy with our religious views, some of them consciously so, some of them unconsciously, but none the less really. Cannot something be done to help these minds to discover themselves and one another, and to come into some sort of mutual relations? At present they are for the most part isolated. In a community where there are a dozen or twenty persons who, in their real thought, are liberal, the probability is that hardly any two of the number know each other's views. Such isolation is dreary and barren. Is there not some way of, at least partially, overcoming it, of bringing these vast numbers of scattered liberals into helpful touch with each other and with the organized liberal religious forces of the country?

When this question is proposed, of course we naturally, first of all, begin to think about organizing churches. And, in places where church organization is practicable, this is doubtless the true remedy for the evil of which we complain. But, unfortunately, in a very large proportion of the places a church is out of the question. The population of the place is too small, or the number of persons interested is not sufficient. Mistakes have often been made in starting churches without sufficient promise of subsequent support. Hence our large number of church organizations that have fallen into decay, some of them even after houses of worship have been erected. A wise missionary policy will push vigorously the organization of churches in large towns, and in places where there is good prospect of maintenance and strength, but not in other places or under other circumstances.

But are our small places and our communities where Unitarians are few to be left, then, with no associated religious life? It is here that the Sunday religious circle, or parlor church, finds its place. By these names I mean a very simple organization of the persons of liberal faith in any community, for the purpose of acquaintance, mutual sympathy, and encouragement, and to carry on together a regular religious service, of a simple and informal but helpful character, in some fitting place, generally in the parlors of some of the persons interested.

Such organizations are not mere untried speculations. Already quite a large number are in existence in various parts of the country. And they are proving themselves practicable and valuable. It has been my own privilege to assist in setting in operation two or three during the past year. And within a month several other new ones in this State have come to my knowledge. The opportunities for this kind of work are practically limitless. There is hardly a town of a thousand population in the United States where there are not enough liberals to establish and carry on successfully such a movement. In great numbers of country neighborhoods, too, and in sections of cities remote from liberal churches, such movements are practicable.

Here is a work appealing to our ministers; for there are few ministers but have acquaintance with liberal persons in outlying neighborhoods who could be set to the task of rallying and organizing in this simple manner the liberal elements around them. Here is a most important field of activity for our Women's Alliance and for all our Post-office Mission workers. The very wide-spread distribution of our literature during the past dozen years through the agency of these missions has prepared the way in scores and scores of places for such organization as I am urging. Here is a work to which our American Unitarian Association superintendents may well give special encouragement in all parts of the

country; for all sections — East, West, North, and South—are ripe for it. Especially may our Unitarian papers help greatly in this matter by clearly and repeatedly calling the attention of their readers in places where there are no liberal churches to the value of such Sunday religious circles, or parlor churches, and to the practicability of organizing them in hundreds of places where no step in this direction has yet been taken.

How are such Sunday circles conducted?

In the simplest way. At a regular hour on Sunday, it may be the ordinary hour of morning service or it may be an afternoon hour, those interested come together at the home of one of their number (or other place appointed), have their cordial greetings as a company of friends, then engage in their simple service of singing or other music, brief Scripture or other devotional readings, the recitation together of the Lord's Prayer, and the reading of a good sermon by one of the number. Then a closing hymn or other piece of music, a few minutes devoted to talk about the movement that all are interested in and how to make it more successful and useful, then all go home. This is the general plan.

There is no difficulty in getting sermons of the very best quality to read, so many volumes of sermons are published, and so many sermons of our very ablest men are constantly appearing in pamphlet form and in the columns of our religious and other papers.

Small singing and service books exactly adapted for use in such Sunday circles may also be obtained from the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, or from the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago. The last-named society has a most admirable book prepared on purpose for such meetings. It is called "Hymns and Services for Sunday Circles." It contains eight "Responsive Services" (something which the people always like in such meetings), eight "Choral Responses," and a hundred choice hymns, set to the most familiar tunes. The cost of these books is only 15 cents apiece, or $1.50 per dozen, so that any circle can supply itself easily, as all circles should do (with this book or some other) at once on starting. There are also several other excellent books of services and hymns, a little larger and more expensive, sample copies of which can be obtained by writing to the addresses already given.

It is often, perhaps generally, found practicable to combine with the Sunday circle for adults a children's circle, or children's class, or parlor Sunday-school for the children. This feature is important, and should be added wherever it can be. No part of the education of a child is more important than its religious education. It becomes a very serious question therefore to Unitarian parents, living in places where there is no liberal church or Sunday-school, how to bring their children under such religious influences as they ought to be brought under, and to impart to them such religious instruction as they ought to receive. In this children's side of the Sunday circle may be found the solution of this problem for thousands of parents.

A good plan is to have the children come for an hour either before or after the adult meeting. A study class or two for young people or for older adults may be carried on at the same hour with the children's circle if this seems desirable. But let the children have a bright, happy, loving, earnest hour, which is distinctly their hour. We have most excellent singing and service books, and lesson helps and manuals of various kinds, well adapted for such children's circles, which may be obtained from either Boston or Chicago. Even in cases where not more than half a dozen children can be brought together, such a little Sunday circle or class, in the charge of one or two loving and earnest women, may be made very valuable and successful. No community ought to be without such an opportunity for children of liberal parents to obtain rational and morally healthful religious instruction.

It will be found easy and useful in many cases to connect with the Sunday religious circle one or more of several auxiliaries besides the circle for children.

1. One of these possible auxiliaries is a fortnightly or monthly ladies' meeting on a week afternoon for literary study and charity work.

2. Another is a literary class, or club, for the young people or for old and young, to meet regularly, more or less often, on a week evening. The ladies' meeting and the even-

ing literary club may both be made so simple and elastic as to meet a large variety of needs.

3. With the Sunday circle may easily be connected also a small library of liberal books to be loaned to all who desire. Each family connected with the circle could probably without difficulty contribute a book or two to start the library. Then, if a new book a month could be added, the library would be in condition to be very useful in the community.

4. One of the first outside things the Sunday circle should interest itself in is the very important matter of getting a liberal religious paper into as many of its homes as possible. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that, if it can get a Unitarian periodical taken in each of its homes, it will by this one means alone double its coherency and practical working strength.

5. Let the Sunday circle make itself from the first a positive missionary force in the community through the steady and systematic circulation of liberal tracts and pamphlet literature. Such tracts can be obtained without cost from the American Unitarian Association. A quiet circulation of the same in the community year after year will produce wide-spread and lasting results.

6. Finally, let the circle from the very first adopt the practice of each member giving to the cause, weekly or monthly, according to his ability. This is important. The sums need not be large; but they should be regular, and contributed as a matter of principle. Thus the circle will all the while be in possession of a small fund, which will add greatly to its stability, self-respect, usefulness, and success. This fund may be used to buy singing and service books, new books for the library, sermons for reading on Sunday, meeting incidental expenses of any kind, and occasionally to pay the expense of getting the nearest liberal preacher to come and give a sermon or lecture.

As has been already said, there are hundreds and hundreds of communities in this country where the conditions are ripe for the establishment and successful maintenance of such simple Unitarian movements as have been described above. Is not this the direction in which we may well undertake to make our next general missionary advance? Is it too much to believe that a united and earnest effort on the part of the readers of this article would give us a hundred new Sunday circles during the coming year? How a hundred such new centres of organic life and influence would strengthen the cause of liberal Christianity in this country! What new hope and courage would they kindle in our churches! And it should be borne in mind, in estimating the value of these Sunday circles, that some of them will eventually develop into fully organized and equipped and self-supporting churches. And even those that never become churches will do a work as valuable in its place as that of organizations having the full church form and name.

J. T. Sunderland.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

I WONDER WHY?

"Blotting-paper for programmes? I wonder why!" and the three girls, after a moment's stare at the unusual spectacle of World's Fair music programmes printed on moist blotting-paper, dismissed the question from their minds, and began a vigorous use of the programmes as fans.

"Send me a receipt to make me think," writes a young girl: "I cannot follow out things in my own mind. I wonder why!"

"I wonder why! I wonder why!" My dear young ladies, your words are admirable. The trouble is with the punctuation. Exchange the exclamation point for the interrogation, and teach your mind better manners than to ask a question without waiting for a reply. Be severe with it. Say: "You want to know? Then find out. If not now, to-morrow. And, mind, no sugar-plums of love-stories until your lesson is learned!"

A bother? Certainly. Real toil, oftentimes. Nothing worth while comes without toil; but, believe me, these intellectual quests bring forth fruit,—some forty, some sixty, yes, some a hundred fold! Rightly pursued, they not simply inform, but educate. They inculcate habits of promptness, thoroughness, and perseverance; necessitate intercourse with books and men; teach discrimination and integrity to the mind,—in short, make up a little prescription for that sad disease, the inability to think.

The mind that does not grow deteriorates. Alice in the Chess Country learned younger than we that it takes all the running one can do to stay in the same place. Every time that we "wonder why," and do not attempt to learn why, the mind makes a backward slip. The thing itself may be unimportant, but the habit and the discipline of mind are of great importance.

So here is a little suggestion for idle days. You wonder whence comes that odd spot of light on the ceiling. Try to think it out from where you sit. Is it a direct, reflected, or refracted light? Move an object or two in the room, hold up your hand for a shadow. Satisfy yourself before you dismiss the subject. What makes that odd curve on the surface of the river? Is it the remains of an old bridge, an old dam? When was the dam there? Why was it removed? A day of low water may solve the problem, or a call on the oldest inhabitant. I wonder how deep the water is? Why not make a plummet, and use it from your boat? How far is it from one house to another? Measure your step, and learn to pace off a distance accurately. Why are there three flutes in an orchestra? Why is the name on the Dutch stamp Nederland, and is that synonymous with the Netherlands and Holland? Consult an encyclopædia.

And blotting-paper for programmes! I wonder why! Mr. Theodore Thomas could have answered that question. He might have said: "The rustle from a thousand stiff papers in careless hands would seriously interfere with the music. It is a trifle, perhaps; but attention to trifles is the secret of success."

I wonder why?—*Lucy Elliot Keeler, in the Outlook.*

THE BROOK AND THE SPRING.

It had taken the sun a long time to melt the snow-bank in the little hollow far up on the hillside. But at last every snow crystal had been transformed into a clear drop of water, and the rugged pines and delicate birches could now see their reflections in the broad and shallow pool at their feet.

One of April's many showers had fallen the night before, and the little brook which started from this quiet pool welcomed to its rapid current many other tiny streams as it danced down the hillside. Indeed, on this morning of marvellous freshness, when every twig held a raindrop that flashed in the sunlight, the brook was a small torrent of dashing and singing water that rushed boldly against huge rocks, only to be turned back and shattered into foam, or slide silently and swiftly over the surface of other rocks that were raised only a little above its bed.

It was the very morning on which the strongest, fullest life came to the spirit of the brook, who had charge over its waters. She delighted in the harmony made by the high tones heard where the water flowed over pebbles, and the low and heavier tones where bowlders or tree-trunks offered a resistance.

The spirit amused herself a long time by shaking the branches of birch and willow which hung over the stream, laughing merrily as the raindrops fell from the bursting leaf-buds into the brook below. But, tiring of this after a while, she wandered farther and farther away from her home, now calling to the song sparrows as they trilled in the hedge, now stooping to find and kiss the Mayflower buds which were already raising themselves toward the warm sunlight.

To-day the brook was singing its loudest; and, as the spirit could venture as far as the brook's song could be heard, she soon found herself in a part of the woods she had not visited before. Here the trees were growing close together, and the thrushes were ringing their silver bells from every thicket.

Reaching a shady hollow, the brook spirit came suddenly upon a sister spirit guarding a tiny pool of water that was as clear as a crystal and as cold as a moonbeam. She looked up gravely and kindly at the restless little brook spirit, who cried: —

"O sister, come with me, and we will help the bluebird find a safe place for her nest. And we will whisper to the violet-buds, and tell them that spring is here, and they must surely be ready for the first warm sunbeam that shall find their hiding-place. Come! Everything is glad this morning, and my brook is running wild with delight. Listen! You can hear it now."

But the spirit of the spring shook her head slowly, and replied: —

"My work is here, and here I must stay. Look at the clear sand at the bottom of my spring. The water is always slowly making its way up between those tiny grains; and, if I were to go away, even for a short time, dead leaves and little twigs would soon collect beneath the surface of the water, and make it thick and muddy. It is my work to keep the sand and water pure and clean, so that the thirsty birds or the tired wanderer may find here a cool and refreshing drink. If your brook needs not your care, will you not stay with me awhile?"

But the restless little brook spirit laughed, and said: "Oh, no! It is too stupid and dull here for me. I could not endure the silence. Good-by!" And, kissing her hand to the spirit of the spring, she danced off between the tall trees, and was soon out of sight.

The young moon that turned the brook to liquid silver that evening grew old and finally disappeared. The next new moon found the trees clothed in fresh, bright green. Another moon came, and the foliage was dark and thick, and birds were building their nests here and there, on ground and tree-top, in deep woods and roadside hedges. The next moon noticed that the earth was dry, the grass suffering for lack of rain, and that the voices of robin and thrush were heard only for a short time each evening. And, when the silver crescent of August swung in the western sky just before sunset, a tired traveller, on his way to the neighboring farm-house, passed through the woods where in May the merry brook had sung to its guardian spirit.

But where was the brook now?

The traveller was thirsty, and, seeing the deeply worn bed of the stream, looked carefully for even a tiny rivulet of water or a little pool where he might drink and be refreshed. Alas! the bed was dry, as dry as the banks above it! Small plants and grasses had sprung up between the pebbles, eagerly absorbing what little moisture was to be found there. The brook was gone, and its spirit was sleeping till its first tiny trickle should awaken her into life again.

The traveller passed on. Twilight was near; but the heat of the day still lingered, and the shadowy woods were dim and cool compared with the dusty road. So he entered the thick grove where the wandering brook spirit had been many weeks before, and suddenly at the traveller's feet gleamed a clear, quiet pool, white sand below its water; and seemingly far below its surface shone the white moon between moving tree-tops.

And the traveller drank, grateful for the care that all through the long hot summer had kept the water pure and cold.

Mary A. Tilden.

DAY'S END.

Life's hours their hasting wings ne'er stay:
'Twas morn, 'tis noon, and soon the night;
But fear thou not, though wane the day.
"At evening time it shall be light."

Edward B. Payne.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

Twice a year we are summoned to cast our ballots; yet between elections there are long intervals when we are permitted to enjoy the rights and discharge the duties of citizenship. We sometimes commend a person by saying that he is a good citizen The expression implies that he is always patriotic and public-spirited, and, as a neighbor, perpetually kind-hearted. And so citizenship is continuous, and not merely for special occasions. The time was when women and slaves were not regarded as citizens. That heathenish age has with us forever passed. And women must not pass all my arguments over to the men, saying, "That fits you: put it on"; for I have endeavored to cut my garment with large, fashionable, puffy sleeves, so that even the ladies would gladly avail themselves of this political coat. And I was encouraged in this hope by the saying of Emerson, that the sense of being well dressed gives to a woman a comfort which even religion does not afford. Yes, citizenship is for every one who has arrived at years of discretion.

There is throughout the Union a marked increase of patriotism. Never did the people utter with greater pride the sentence, "I am an American." The varied races that are drifting by millions to our shores are, as rapidly as we could expect, being pulverized by Plymouth Rock ideas and ground with uniform loyalty. I am an extreme optimist. My faith in humanity is un-

bounded. Our German citizens are proud of the Fatherland. And well they may be,—a land adorned by such men of genius as Goethe and Bismarck. Our Italians are proud of the sunny peninsula. And well they may be,—a land immortalized by the poetry of Dante, the statesmanship of Mazzini, and "the canvas steeped in Raphael's celestial dreams." Our Hibernian citizens are proud of the green isle. And there is ground for their glory in the poetry of Tom Moore and the almost matchless oratory of Daniel O'Connell. Thus we have representatives of many nationalities; and we are worshippers at very different shrines, some with the crucifix and paintings, some with the Hebrew phylacteries, some in Puritan simplicity. And yet I believe in the patriotism, the American patriotism of all. And I can heartily indorse the statement made in my student days by a college professor, that, if war should arise, we would all haul down our little sectarian banners, and we would pull up the stars and stripes, and under that we would fight.

What is the amalgam that is to unite these varied elements with a concentrated, hard-hammered Americanism? It is the socialism of the great Nazarene. All questions of State and city find their solvent in Christianity as a life. Therefore, I wish to emphasize the *Christian basis of citizenship.*

There are in Christianity certain great principles, which, when they become operative, will revolutionize our social conditions. The good citizen is an embodiment of those principles. A principle is internal: it determines character. A rule is external: it mechanically moulds conduct. Christian principles, the reliving of Christ's life in our day, will, as Browning sings, "solve all questions in heaven and out of it."

What are some of these Christian principles basal to true citizenship? They are these: The individual does not exist for himself, but for humanity. Self-sacrifice must displace self-interest. Property is for the public good, and not for private enjoyment. Wealth is a sacred trust to be administered in the interests of Christ's kingdom on the earth. Riches are not the standard of worth. The vicious vagabond and the luxurious idler are both public enemies. If the capitalist is relieved of the necessity of working for wages, then all the more he should work without remuneration for the public good. Every particle of power, social, financial, or political, should be devoted to the uplift of humanity. Wrangles in labor circles must be settled on the basis of strict justice to all. Christian liberty is not freedom to do as one likes, but to do what is right.

These principles were embodied in the person of the model citizen of old, Rabbi Jesus of Nazareth. They constitute the substance of that great modern science, sociology. It is a divine study. We see well-dressed, educated people, who totally ignore the awful struggle of the poor; women who array themselves in sealskins and silks, and carry themselves with an imperious air, and who never come in contact with the poor, except to scold a poor seamstress for an error. We see men whose only interest in politics is to vote once a year or perhaps they are too indolent to register, who, if they had a favorite dog that was sick, would expend a hundred dollars for his recovery; but they never would go voluntarily to the homes of poverty and sorrow, to counsel, cheer, and help. Can we say of such men and women that they are Christian citizens? No: they are civilized heathen. I plead for Christian citizenship.

Pastors and other prominent church officials should be leaders in Christian sociology, by which I mean the application of Christian principles to the problems of to-day. Study the relation of Jesus to his times. He was not a professional minister: he was a layman; he was a man of his times. His informal talk on the mountain contains ethical principles which are yet to rule the world. The tidal wave of his teaching is rising. Jesus did not try in a day to revolutionize the Roman government: he introduced germinal ideas which are growing, and will yet upheave and toss aside as rubbish everything that is base and selfish in society and politics.

It is a refreshing sign that ministers are becoming prominent as political reformers. Mr. Spurgeon tells us that the antiquated idea of a minister is that he is a man who perpetually has a white rag around his neck and is as soft as a boiled parsnip. In the recent New York City election the hoodlum boodle politicians discovered that Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst was not quite so soft as that esculent vegetable; and whether he

wears the white cravat I care not, but I do know that he put a political rope around the black throat of Tammany, and I trust that reformers will tug away at the hemp till that foul creature is forever strangled.

As long as history records the names of John Knox and Luther, we must never underestimate the parson's power in politics. That Presbyterian pastor in New York put the trumpet of Jehovah to his lips, and sounded the note of righteous indignation; and the better humanity of New York, that had been blinded and sapped of its strength, arose at last in its might, and with its hands grasped the pillars of a corrupt government, and it toppled down. It was Christian citizenship that did the work. Not that all the reformers there were church members, but they believed in applying to politics the ethical principles of the Sermon on the Mount. He is the model citizen who translates Christian words into deeds. Our work is as broad as the needs of humanity. Every patriot is a philanthropist.

We must be as broad as Jesus. The spirit came upon him to release the prisoner, to heal the sick, and to do many other good things. There is a social salvation as well as individual salvation. I believe in individual regeneration and conversion: I wish for it; but it does not thrill me with such hope as the slow, sure, sublime evolution of the race. The star of Bethlehem still swings low, and it is lifting the whole tide of humanity to a higher life. People, physically, educationally, morally, politically, are steadily rising. This enables us to see the social mission of the Church: it must touch and tone the people's life on every side. The masses who are alienated from the Church must see by our reproduction of the larger Christ that Christianity is something that will help them to be prosperous, healthy, and happy. Jesus was the founder of modern sociology. Should Christ come to Boston and walk through Kneeland Street, and look upon the people's faces and forms, would he think that we had developed in them his image divine? Recall Lowell's poem, "A Parable": —

"Said Christ, our Lord, 'I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me.'"

He is grandly welcomed by priests and kings.

"Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;
And in church and palace and judgment hall
He saw his image high over all.

"But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head;
And, from under the heavy foundation stones,
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

"'Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?'

"Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

"These he led in the midst of them;
And, as they drew back their garments' hem
For fear of defilement, 'Lo, here,' said he,
'The image ye have made of me.'"

It is the complex duty of the Christian citizen to press people at every pore with some helpful Christian influence, and so by this universal pressure mould them after the image of Christ. Citizenship is large and many-sided. Christianity is equally comprehensive: its mission is to save the whole man. You should be Christian citizens, not only at the ballot-box, but also at the contribution-box. Christ came to make this a Christian world,—to establish right here the kingdom of God, in which all relations of life shall be Christian. The institutional church does this many-sided work. Sometimes I think it would be well to consolidate churches into great establishments for God. With the assistance of associate pastors, gymnasium instructors, and a Young Men's Christian Association annex of our own, we could develop well-rounded characters, we could help people to organize the whole life on the plan of Jesus and plan of self-sacrifice. To do its work well, a church needs to have a social policy and a large social plant. Many churches will yet unite on the basis of practical Christianity. Already we have ceased to think that we are doing God's work by firing into each other. We are ready to accede to the proposition of the

Church of England, and all unite on the basis of the historic episcopate, if, in determining what that episcopate is, they will go back far enough, even to apostolic days, when each pastor was bishop of his own church.

The building up of broad, deep Christian citizens is such a many-sided work that, to do it well, a large spiritual corporation is demanded. The social questions are so immense that a church needs vast vitality to meet the issue. In the days of the French Revolution the Church was utterly unable to mould the molten mass of seething society. It is another such a plastic period. Awake! Realize that there is a social problem. There are social grievances. There must be a social salvation.

(1) This leads me to note one way by which we can discharge the duty of Christian citizenship, and that is by being *well informed.*

There is at present a great demand for intelligence in citizenship. Not mulish men are needed, but men of conviction,—men like Tennyson's Sir Arthur, who "wore the white flower of a spotless life,"—men like Sir Walter's immortal Fitz James.

One of the sad facts of American life is that so many petty politicians will allow themselves to be twisted around a demagogue's finger. Too many voters have their opinions built up by the job in a few campaign days. We want men whose opinions are built by the day,—who think and pray, and then vote.

Both women and men need to be aroused from this social apathy. Ignorance is always apathetic. Christian people should be leaders in the social movement of the day. We must not cramp Christianity down to a mere religion of Sundays and ceremonies. Christ fed the hungry. The Christianity of to-day should respond to man's lowest needs, as well as to his highest yearnings. Study social problems. Be a holy lobbyist outside the State House. Be creators of sound public opinion.

(2) Independence of thought and action characterizes the good citizen. Your forefathers dared to stand alone. They belonged to the aristocracy of true worth. They did not measure a man by the length of his pocket-book. They believed in the couplet of Burns:—

"The man of independent mind,—
He looks and laughs at a' that."

There are levelling forces which tend to grind all down to a dull uniformity. Why, fellow-pastors, even in theology there is a tremendous pressure upon us to make all in a given denomination think just alike. They want us to swallow the theology of Calvin, or Wesley, or Prof. Park, or Prof. Hovey in the lump,—covers and all. My œsophagus is unequal to that. A church should rejoice if its pastor has sufficient independence of thought and mental vigor to work out for himself these great Biblical problems. And so in politics be yourself, or you will be nobody.

Local dialects, local customs, personal peculiarities of thought, all are endangered by the march of uniformity. In his "American Commonwealth" Mr. Bryce refers to our country as "a land of happy monotony," where there is no variety; and he continues: "Travel where you will, you feel that what you have found in one place, that you will find in another. The thing that hath been will be: you can no more escape from it than you can quit the land to live in the sea."

It should be remembered that all government is compromise. As all cannot think alike, it follows that, if we are to have any laws, any government, there must be a compromise. Jesus said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The Roman government was not an ideal one; yet for the time being the great Nazarene supported it, introducing revolutionary principles that would in the end destroy it. And so at the present all government must be a matter of compromise. Often we must accept that which is not ideally perfect. If you are determined to have the whole loaf or none, you will have to wait several thousand years for your political dinner. And so, while you may resent the tyranny of the majority, and may occasionally exercise the divine right to bolt, I pray you to remember that all government is a compromise.

Men who belong to labor organizations need to guard against the loss of their independence. Never merge your individualism in some great machine.

(3) The good citizen is as conscientious in the ballot-booth as in his pew. Voting

is a part of his religion, as sacred as prayer. There are thousands who are too indolent to vote. Every man who ignores the sacred privilege and duty of the ballot is a conspirator. Every rich man who neglects to vote should be fined a hundred dollars. America expects every man to vote. In Boston alone there are 50,000 men who neglect even to register.

We should always encourage a pure American vote. We do not want a sectarian vote or a German vote or a labor vote, but always an American vote. We do not want an anti-Hebrew vote or an anti-Protestant vote or an anti-Catholic vote, but always and ever an American vote. A pure American vote will be anti-Jesuitical, it will be anti-Romish, but not anti-Catholic. We must recognize the progressive party in the Catholic Church, the largest church of the world.

The good citizen always votes for the public good, and not to advance personal ends. A hunter one day walked into town with a coon: three urchins stared, and said, "Give me the coon." "I will," replied this Daniel Boone, "to the lad who will give the best reason for his political preferences." Said one, "I am a Republican, because they freed the slaves." Said another, "I am a Greenbacker, because I want a pocket full of money." Said another, "I am a Democrat." "And why?" "'Cause I want the coon."

That is the trouble with many Republicans and Populists: they all want the coon. Their motive is not patriotism, but pocket. Thus we see the demand for good men, educated men, in politics. I have suggested to the men of our church that, if the caucus occurred on prayer-meeting night, they had better omit the prayer service and attend the caucus. We have underestimated the power of the primary meetings. The air is so thick with the foul fumes of old pipes that you will be pickled in tobacco for a week; but let us dive in, and in a few years we can clean the caucus. If you have the foot-ball propensity to kick, do it at the caucus.

The Christian citizen knows that eternal vigilance is the price of good candidates for office.

(4) Christian citizenship is characterized by a large and kindly benevolence.

As there is inequality of natural endowments, inequality of birth privileges, there must ever be inequality of social conditions. The poor are your benefactors: they will always be with you to keep you from an absorbed selfhood. Have you the spirit of the good Nazarene, who went about doing good? How often do you, who live on wealthy heights, come down and enter the homes in the valley, to see if there is not a chance to do good? How often do you who live in warm houses enter the abodes of the poor? The Christian citizen searches for objects of his charity. The only way to make people lovely is to love them. Every good citizen is a home missionary. I will not make citizenship less broad and noble than that of the good Nazarene. With his spirit you will regard property as a sacred trust. It is more difficult to bring capital under public control than the poor masses of toiling men.

What we need is not the "equalization of wealth, but the Christianization of wealth." It is not wrong to accumulate property. Large private wealth, consecrated, is a public blessing. When society becomes ideal, every relation will be Christian. To-day society is largely based on self-interest; its true basis is self-sacrifice.

Property is not our own except in trust, to be administered for the public good. The reason why we should not give it all away at once is because its retention and use for others is the greater blessing. You have no moral right to a carriage unless it is consecrated to doing good, unless it is a gospel carriage, and bears to the open air the poor and the invalid. You have no moral right to your home unless it is consecrated to doing good to others aside from your family. Christ and the cross are synonymous terms. The cross is an eternal element in God's heart, and self-sacrifice is the controlling principle of every true citizen. Why, man is made in the image of the cross. You have no right to anything that has not upon it the cross, announcing to all the message, "I devote this thing to the salvation of the community, as really as Jesus Christ sacrificed his life for the world." Thus Christian citizenship is the blossoming into a beautiful life of the principle of the cross.

GEORGE WOLCOTT BROOKS.

"Infinite is the help man can yield to man."—*Carlyle.*

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

The rich man dies, and is in hell;
For so his plenty brought him bane:
In foolish feast how could he tell
His unused powers would wake in pain?

And Lazarus in heaven is found,
For chance to live is wondrous grace.
In health and strength his hopes abound:
His soul can ask no sweeter place.

And is this all? Ah, no! for time
Must equalize each lot for good,
Must call them both to bliss sublime
By their discovered brotherhood.

Therefore to school the rich man goes,
Meek pupil in God's house of pain;
While from large joy the poor man shows
The path all pleasant heights to gain.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

A CRITICISM OF HERBERT SPENCER'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNKNOWABLE.

In the following paper I shall not attempt to follow the order in which Spencer has discussed this subject in the five chapters he has devoted to it, but shall content myself with drawing attention to certain unjustifiable assumptions whereby his argument is vitiated. It may be well to consider, first, the more general vices which affect his reasoning, and then, if it will not make our essay too long, to point out in detail certain specific fallacies.

The great vice of our author's thought about the "Unknowable" comes out in his discussion of "the Absolute." I consider it the great vice, because, although it does not come to the surface till late in the discussion, Mr. Spencer's conception of the Absolute is such as could not but make the outcome of his investigation a foregone conclusion. I think we may admit, without hesitation, that he has proven that we cannot know the Absolute—as he has defined it. But what of that? Who wants to know his Absolute? I, for one, have not the least desire to make its acquaintance. If I am to look to the realm of unfettered imagination for objects of knowledge, I think it would be far more interesting to be introduced to a centaur, or perhaps to a six-legged quadruped, or a vertebrate without a spinal cord! Mr. Spencer has taken such pains to show us the nature of an *illegitimate symbolic concept* that one would naturally expect him to recognize one if it made its appearance on the remotest edge of his intellectual horizon. Yet, instead of treating the Absolute (as he has defined it) as such, he drags it in by the horns without the slightest necessity or justification. By the horns! I beg his pardon. It hasn't any horns, not even the horns of a dilemma: it hasn't *anything* but negations. As defined, it is utterly inconceivable and equally unnecessary. Why, then, should he assume that it exists? The only reasons that I have been able to find that have any shadow of plausibility are two: *First*, that, after all has been given up that is required to be in consequence of the relativity of knowledge, it remains true that there is ever present with us *an indefinite consciousness of something.* Grant this; but what warrant is there for identifying this something with Mr. Spencer's, or rather with Sir William Hamilton's, Absolute? The *second* argument for the existence of this remarkable Absolute is a verbal one, and is suicidal; namely, that having accepted the existence of the *relative*, and the "relative" being the *correlative* of the "Absolute," we are therefore bound to take the *Absolute* for granted! A very pretty bit of dialectic, wherein the *Absolute* becomes *relative* in order to gain the right to be! I think we may leave Mr. Spencer's Absolute with the remark that, inasmuch as there is no sufficient reason to suppose that it *exists*, we have no interest in determining whether or not it is *knowable.* But, while this is all that need be said, I should like to ask, in passing, whether the relativity of knowledge, of which Mr. Spencer makes so great a point, does not rather imply a composite whole than a non-composite entity, which I understand Mr. Spencer's Absolute to be.

But, if the Absolute, as defined by Mr. Spencer, has no objective existence, what are we to say of the knowability of what does exist? The chief thing to be said, I think, is that there is an ambiguity involved in Mr. Spencer's use of "unknowable," and that, were this ambiguity cleared up, there would be little ground of difference between Mr. Spencer and the many who now oppose his agnostic position. There is throughout an assumption that that of which the "ultimate essence" (whatever that may mean) is inexplicable is entirely unknowable, although its manifestations may be

legion; and Mr. Spencer seems generally to have in mind his Absolute, of which he regards unknowability as the peculiar attribute. But let us ask if it is true that we know our friends better than mere strangers. To say so is to imply that we have *some* knowledge of the latter and more knowledge of the former. A comparative implies the existence of a positive. It may be perfectly true that the "ultimate essence" of my intimate friend, Jones, is inexplicable to me. I may be perfectly ready to grant that it is not only unknown, but unknowable. However, even though he be my dearest friend, his "ultimate essence" doesn't interest me very deeply. I do, however, care a great deal about what kind of a man he is,—"*his nature*," his disposition, his goodness, his intelligence; and, what is more, I *know* a great deal about these things. It would generally be said that I know Jones, have a very full knowledge of him; but it might be said by a metaphysician like Mr. Spencer that I do not really know *him*, I only know his manifestations,—that a certain set or series of impressions which my senses and understanding give me I interpret in terms of "Jones,"—that I posit Jones as the entity back of these states of consciousness. Precisely so. All knowledge is knowledge for a subject: without the subject there is no knowledge, and the knowledge of the subject is all the knowledge there is. This being so, *for this subject*, this Ego, "Jones" *is* the set of impressions above referred to, he is the content of the states of consciousness above referred to. *For me, Jones has no existence save in his "manifestations";* and, the more of these "manifestations" I know, the more I know Jones. I may suppose a cause back of these effects upon my consciousness above spoken of, and call this cause "Jones." But to call this hypothesis the "noumenon," and to regard the "phenomena," the manifestations which make up my states of consciousness, as less real than this, seems to me injudicious. The truth, then, seems to me to be that the phenomenal is the real, that consciousness of phenomena is knowledge of reality, and, therefore, that *the real is knowable*. But, waiving this difference of terminology, and accepting the something posited back of phenomena as their cause to be the reality, I think it should be said that knowledge of an effect is to some degree a knowledge of the cause: we know, at least, *that it is such a thing as produces this effect or these effects;* that is, we know *something* about it, we have *some* knowledge of it, we *know* it in part. In other words, even of the *mysterious something back of phenomena*, we should say that *it is not absolutely unknowable*. Further than this, however, it should be said that, if Mr. Spencer means by the unknowability of the Absolute the same degree and kind of ignorance as holds of our friends and companions, our horses and dogs, our books and pictures, and everything else,—to wit, the impossibility of explaining their "ultimate essences,"—we regard his choice of terms as unfortunate and misleading, but have no quarrel with his conclusion, since explanation must be in terms of something, and an "*ultimate* essence" is by definition a datum behind which explanation cannot go. We are inclined to protest, however, against taking 125 pages to establish what is true by definition and requires no other proof.

This leads us to speak of Mr. Spencer's *method* in the part of his work under consideration. The method of *residuum*—by which I mean a careful comparison and analysis of the different (particularly the antagonistic) definitions or applications of a term or concept, with a view to determining the common element which underlies them all, and the assumption or assumptions involved in them all—seems to me particularly well adapted to determine the subject-matter of philosophy, and to bring to light the data common to all philosophic procedure. But it does not appear in Part I. that it is the subject-matter of philosophy that Mr. Spencer is seeking to determine. He is looking for the unknowable which he has previously hidden in the Absolute, and of course he finds it there. What one really comes to in an investigation of religion and of science is the unknown, not the unknowable; and we come to this not as a *part* of science, or even of religion, but as a *limit* thereto. We feel bound to protest, in passing, against Mr. Spencer's perpetuation of a vulgar error,—the antagonism between religion and science. There is not and *never has been* antagonism between religion and science: they are not co-ordinate. The antagonism has been between unripe theology (false *science*) and science (true science).

Before concluding this paper, it will be possible to allude briefly to certain fallacies in the course of Mr. Spencer's thought. Waiving the impropriety of the assumption that cosmology is the primary business of religion, let us look at the argument itself. For one thing, he seems to confound the imaginable with the conceivable. For another, he assumes here (as he often does in other parts of his writings) that, where he has offered and rejected three alternatives, he has *closed every door*. I would remind him that it does not follow because he or his readers cannot at once frame other hypotheses that none other is possible. We *might* exhaust the possibilities by *two* alternatives (not, however, *x* or *y*, but *x* or *not x*); but, when he takes any other hypotheses than two contradictory ones, we can never be sure *a priori* that he has exhausted the possibilities. In this same argument I would call attention to still another error,—the assumption that he has demonstrated the falsity of the first of the three cosmological hypotheses, the self-existence of the cosmos. For aught that he has brought forward, I cannot see but that the hypothesis might stand. Indeed, he seemed conscious of this when he added that, even were the hypothesis conceivable, it would not in any sense be an explanation of the universe.

Many other points might be touched upon; but it would be difficult to carry the discussion far without going into questions which Mr. Spencer has reserved for Part II. It seems therefore sufficient to have pointed out Mr. Spencer's gratuitous assumption as to the "Absolute," to have tried to make clear the actual meaning of "unknowable," and to have indicated briefly the sort of minor errors into which our author has slipped.

FREDERIC W. SANDERS.
University of Chicago.

We come into the world, and like princes find ourselves endowed with great possessions. Because the past coming up to our very doors is God's, it is ours. Because the future starting from our very doors is God's, it is ours. So there is no going away sorrowing from the great Teacher whose bidding was to sell—what alone can be sold—temporal ownings, and give to the poor.—*W. M. Bicknell.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTED FROM THE VOLUME OF SERMONS ENTITLED "COURAGE AND CHEER," BY BROOKE HERFORD, D.D.

SUNDAY.

Rest in the Lord! If your heart is dull and dead towards him, his is not dull or dead towards you. If your love fails, his love does not fail. Do not trouble yourself so much about your love, but rest in his. Suffer his will, even though it brings darkness on the soul itself. Let the darkness and the weariness have their way. Be not impatient even for so good a thing as open vision towards God and heaven. Your eyes are dim, but the sun is not dim. Be sure of that, and be content with that. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

MONDAY.

Make life what it has in it to be. In discipleship to Christ do a strong manly or womanly part; accept the mercies that come with a glad thankfulness; take hold of work and duty with a firm hearty grip; in all life's intercourse, whether of home or in busy world, fulfil a loving helpful part; and let your heart go out towards that greater life of God, out of which ours comes, and which is with us always. And then shall life go strengthening, greatening, all the way; and there shall be no death, but only, some day, just as the laws of being bring it, a change, a passing on, and the unspoken word "to come up higher" into the next and finer stage of this wonderful "Life."

TUESDAY.

The upward way cannot be easy: it must be climbing to the end; but, as you climb, there comes more love of man, more love of God; a blessing of stronger, abler, kinder, happier life,—and ever growing over all a quiet restful sense of something brighter, happier still, beyond,—some crown of better life than aught we know here, which the Lord hath, in the unfolding of the eternal years, for them that love him.

WEDNESDAY.

I am more and more persuaded that the way of all really upward life, of all life that even on earth will stand the shadows of sickness and the failing light of age, and still look worthful, is not in more refined contriving for our own comfort, nor in more elaborate studies for our culture, but in growing on, through these things moderately cared for,—mark that,—above them, unto a life above the thought of self; a life of frank and generous loving-kindness, of doing all

the good we can in the church, the city, the nation, aye, and of doing every helping, cheering thing we may to every man, woman, and child about our path, trying all we can to leave our little corner of the world a fresher, kindlier, happier spot for our having been in it.

THURSDAY.

Whatever our way may be, whether among the tangled cares of the world or in the eager scrutiny of nature, the watching eye will see more clearly, and the brain be stronger for wisdom, and the hand for toil, if now and then the heart breaks out in songs of glorying praise, or hushes into trembling silences of prayer.

FRIDAY.

When we pass a happy hour of friendship, when some pleasant consciousness of health and vigor touches us, when some beautiful aspect of nature strikes something in us deeper than the mere eye, when some anxiety is suddenly lifted off the heart, when some effort is crowned with success we hardly dared to count on,—why not a moment's thought towards God, and even a glad, outspoken word of thankfulness?

SATURDAY.

Look forward! Of course, the past is poor, but let it alone! To-morrow is a new day from God. Make a new, better day of it. Above all, never believe that whisper of despair that, with sins so many in the past, you may as well go sinning on to the bitter end. No! Let us believe that great teaching of Christ's,—the forgiveness of sins,—that forever the infinite Father-life is waiting, loving, hoping; and so let us keep striving anew with every single day, watching and praying, and keeping our faces and our hearts towards God, and, like Paul, leaving the things that are behind, and reaching forth to those which are before!

"Dante rightly punishes those who bore themselves sadly in the sweet air made joyous by the sunshine. The sun does not always shine, but my heart shall."—*Stephen Allard.*

"A few smiles of silent sympathy, a few mere tender words, a little more restraint on temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those with whom I live."—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

"Saint Paul considers that religion means works of charity, and charity means helping others."—*Erasmus.*

EDITORIAL.

New Features. UNDER the heading "Departments" it will be seen that we have been fortunate in securing the co-operation of the secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. George Batchelor, who undertakes to supply us every month with a column of condensed information from the headquarters of the Association. The secretary of the National Alliance, Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, has also most kindly agreed to give our readers a monthly outlook and review of the field of women's activities, which will be found of the greatest interest.

On the cover we give page reference to each item of "News from the Field," so that at the end of the year we shall have in each volume of the *Unitarian* a little history of our churches for ready reference.

Influence and Information. A GOOD old friend was accustomed to advise young ministers never to use their influence until they had it.

Equally important is the consideration by what methods to use your influence when you have it.

It is the earnest effort of the *Unitarian* both to encourage the growth of the noblest influences, and to provide a channel through which already well-developed influences can flow forth upon their productive errand.

It is our first purpose to make a place in our columns for the highest utterances of the day: it is our next to carry those utterances, those words of influence, to all the altars and hearths we can. We want to help every church and every individual, every organization and every soul, every minister, every Sunday-school worker, every Branch Alliance, every Club or Guild or Lend a Hand.

Interchange of information creates influence.

No minister has such help in advancing the higher life as the one in whose parish the *Unitarian* can be found in every home. It carries the influence of so many wise heads and earnest hearts, giving of their best, that no one man could hope to do so much. It creates influence by giving information.

A prominent layman gave $500 recently to Unitarian missionary work, saying that, if the matter had been presented to him, he would have given before. The *Unitarian* presents such information.

Needs and Means. When it is clearly seen that a great need, a great craving and hunger, exists, and at the same time the satisfying food is at hand, lying on the shelf, it does seem that among the spectators the necessary energy would be generated to get the food down from the shelf, and carry it out and distribute it through the famine-stricken district.

In analogy, this is very much the position of our Unitarian denominational work to-day.

Two, ten, twenty, letters at a time, from far and near, detailing famine: "We are Unitarians here, but have never seen the face of a preacher of that faith"; "I starve for the truth"; "All the 'word of God' we hear is heard against our reason and common sense, we are not fed." In the same mail-bags come announcements: "I cannot preach any longer in the pulpit of my present denomination. I am a Unitarian. What can I do? Can you send me into missionary work for Unitarianism?" The secretary of our Fellowship Committee knows a score of true and able preachers, who would take any posts if we could send them. But not only these, we have men already of our own denomination, with no preaching stations for them to occupy. Why? Because through lack of means, without dollars in the treasury of the American Unitarian Association, missionary movements have been obliged to be abandoned. Though the cry for food comes daily, the secretary of the Association is compelled to reply, "We appreciate your needs, we know what you want, and we have it here; but we have no means by which to pass it on to your benefit."

There is the famine, here is the food. Cannot we, the spectators, generate the means for distribution?

The Bishops' Letter. The letter issued to the Episcopal Church in America by order of the House of Bishops, and signed by the committee of six, including such opposites as Seymour of Springfield and Potter of New York, is a most important and interesting document. There has been a great deal of comment in the religious press; but in every criticism we have seen the arguments of the letter have been treated as though addressed to the world at large, which seems hardly fair to the bishops, who certainly dedicated their letter clearly enough to their own churches.

As Unitarians, it would be foolish for us to disagree with the letter; it is not for us.

As Unitarians, we should never receive such a letter. The holy freedom of our Congregational polity forever makes it impossible that any governing body in our denomination shall dictate with the arrogance of ecclesiastical authority in questions of religious truth.

As Unitarians, if we were asked our views upon the matter, we should not denounce the letter, but rather say that it was the natural product of such an ecclesiastical organization as the Episcopal Church.

As Unitarians, it seems to us that such a letter sent by the bishops of the Episcopal Church to the people of the Episcopal Church is a most excellent pastoral.

What is the substance of the letter? Briefly, it is a reaffirmation of the cardinal points of faith maintained by the Episcopal Church.

The inspiration of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the true revelation of God. Deprecating any instruction which leads men to think of miracles doubtfully or with half-faith, or in any way encourages the criticism that weakens faith in inspiration.

The miraculous birth of Jesus Christ as proving him of one substance with the Father, very God and very man, conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, yet "equal to the Father."

The miraculous resurrection of Christ from the dead, with the assertion that "the Church does not tolerate the teaching that this was a so-called spiritual resurrection." But "I believe in the resurrection of the body."

"No specious plea of progress" is to be made any excuse for avoiding conformity to the "consentient voice of the Church in all ages."

To us these seem familiar words: they are a simple restatement of the well-known doctrines of the Church.

As Unitarians, we do not believe any one of them; but we should think to those who use the Episcopal Prayer Book the Bishops' Letter would be highly salutary as a reminder to lax rectors and thoughtless worshippers that words have meaning, and that the Episcopal form very properly implies the Episcopal sense.

Pure Religion. Prof. Max Müller points out in a recent article in the *Arena* that there are only eight religions in the world which have produced sacred books, and have obtained a hold upon mankind strong enough to entitle them to be called great.

All these religions agree in fundamentals. Of this fact the Parliament of Religions was the first outward and visible sign. Max Müller says, "The delegates at Chicago have declared that 'in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is acceptable to him.'

"They have seen with their own eyes that God is not far from any one of those who seek God, if haply they may find him. Let theologians pile up volume upon volume of what they call theology. Religion is a very simple matter; and that which is so simple, and yet so all-important to us,—the living kernel of religion,—can be found, I believe, in almost every creed, however much the husk may vary.

"And think what that means! It means that above and beneath and behind all religions there is one eternal, one universal religion, a religion to which every man, whether black or white or yellow or red, belongs or may belong."

The Harmony of Love. The essence of love is unity and harmony with something else. When a musician brings two parts of a song into harmony, every note of each part is added to, enriched, and strengthened by the process; and this exactly represents the process and the results of love in the human heart.

It is a law of life, as it is a law of sound, that two souls in harmony, though each gives of itself, are, nevertheless, both enriched and added to and strengthened thereby. It is the mystery of love that in giving it receives; in losing, it gains.

Love to God means the passion to be in accord and harmony with him, with his perfect truth, perfect goodness, perfect beauty. It means that these qualities of his excite and rouse in us an ardent wish, a deep resolve to have and to possess them.

He who loves God thus has fulfilled the law, for the second commandment is in reality involved in the first.

You cannot strive after truth, goodness, and beauty in all things without loving your fellow-men.

And Jesus has said, He who will obey these two commandments shall inherit eternal life.

More than Bread. The following fine passage occurs in an article by Theodore Roosevelt in the February *Forum*:—

"The people who pride themselves upon having a purely commercial ideal are apparently unaware that such an ideal is as essentially mean and sordid as any in the world, and that no bandit community of the Middle Ages can have led a more unlovely life than would be the life of men to whom trade and manufactures were everything, and to whom such words as national honor and glory, as courage and daring, and loyalty and unselfishness, had become meaningless. The merely material, the merely commercial ideal, the ideal of the men whose 'fatherland is the till,' is in its very essence debasing and lowering.

"It is as true now as ever it was that no man and no nation shall live by bread alone. Thrift and industry are indispensable virtues, but they are not all-sufficient. We must base our appeals for civic and national betterment on nobler grounds than those of mere business expediency."

Puritans and Shakespeare. Prof. J. W. Hales has an interesting article in the *Contemporary Review* on the relations which existed between Shakespeare and his Puritan townsfolk.

Stratford on Avon, it seems, was a very hot-bed of militant Puritanism at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The municipality punished with fines the performance of plays and interludes.

But the great dramatist, unlike some of

those who profess to speak as his representatives nowadays, in no way blasphemed or called down fire from heaven.

On the contrary, he makes next to no reference to Puritanism in his plays. He entertained at least one itinerant Puritan preacher at his house, and regaled him with sack and claret.

Prof. Hales explains the relations between Shakespeare and Puritanism, as follows:—

"Shakespeare took no part in the Puritan-baiting that became a favorite dramatic pastime. And this forbearance is to be accounted for, not only by the general fairness and comprehensive sympathy of his nature, by his splendid incapacity to believe only ill of a large section of his fellow-creatures and his fellow-Englishmen, by his innate repugnance to mere abuse and vilification, but also by the fact that at Stratford he was brought into such close and intimate contact and acquaintance with so many specimens, public and private, of the Puritan creed. Shakespeare's own elder daughter was a Puritan, at least after her marriage, probably enough before, as Puritan preachers were rife in the place."

Debts and Dissent. Few men have contributed more to the happiness of their kind than the genial author of "Robinson Crusoe."

The following admission by one of his creditors, quoted in a letter by one of Defoe's keenest adversaries, shows, better than pages of biography, what manner of man he was: "Some years after his bankruptcy and composition with his creditors, Defoe sent for me, and, though he was clearly discharged, he paid me all the remainder of his debt, voluntarily and of his own accord; and he told me that, so far as God should enable him, he intended to do so with everybody. When he had done, he desired me to set my hand to a paper to acknowledge it, which I readily did, and found a great many names on the paper before me; and I think myself bound to own it, though I am no friend to the book he wrote, no more than you."

The book was the "Shortest Way with Dissenters," a most telling satire on the High Church party of the time, for writing which Defoe was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory and to be "imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure."

Why Not? The clergyman on board an Atlantic liner in a gale, who asked the captain in great agitation what was to be done, and was told that the best thing for him to do was to go below and trust in Providence, replied with dismay, "Has it come to that?" But why not? How often the remark is heard from well-intentioned men and women, "Well, we can only have faith"! But why not? Is it not the only thing there is any sound reason for having?

Why not rather say: Here is a fine opportunity to be faithful. All our lives we have seen the grass come green again in the spring, heard the birds return, rejoiced in the love of many friends, and found that love still waiting for us beyond each night, —nay, growing in sweetness through the years, growing in strength. Our hearts overflow with confusion when we attempt to realize the infinity of things that have kept faith for us. Is there now a trial upon our reliability, our endurance, our faith? Why not signal back with a hearty cheer, "We stand, all's well"? Why not?

Departments.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

A more hopeful feeling begins to pervade the directors of the Association. So far as the moral situation is concerned, there is no doubt the outlook is cheering. Indeed, the greatest embarrassment comes from the fact that so many ministers in other denominations are looking for settlement in Unitarian churches, and that so many calls are made for assistance in starting new movements. We stand at the crisis of our fortunes. Great activity and increase are possible; but, without them, in a few years the opportunity would pass from our control. Meantime, however, the financial outlook is improving so decidedly that at the end of the financial year it may be possible to report better things than have been expected.

A few misconceptions are injurious. For instance, the directors are aware of no "lavish or reckless expenditure," and feel sure that they are as economical as justice to the cause will allow. While legacies have been put into the "General Fund" at times, they have not been, and are not now, used to pay debts. The current in-

come from the churches goes directly into the field, and is not used to pay "deficits." In fact, there is not, and never has been, in the strict sense of the word, a "deficit." Temporary loans have been made over against a well-invested General Fund, which has never been exhausted, and is not likely to be. What the directors greatly desire is to bring current income up to current expenses, and to avoid encroachment upon the General Fund.

From California comes an intimation of improving conditions, and a more cheerful temper on the part of our constituents. Still, the tide has not risen enough to lift all our missionary churches to self-support. In one town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, by making a loan of $5,000 or paying $7,500 in cash outright, we might have possession of a church costing upward of $40,000, with the prospect of organizing a self-supporting congregation. Without any expense to the Association services will be opened at Santa Cruz and Los Gatos.

At Memphis, Tenn., the new church has called Rev. George H. Clare, and cheerfully accepts the responsibility of self-support in the near future.

At Albany it is believed by ministers in the Middle States that it is now possible to begin a new Unitarian movement with great success. A man stands ready who is thought to be peculiarly adapted to forward the enterprise.

The report of the Committee on Reorganization spoken of last month was not completed at the recent meeting, but will soon be reported.

An extensive correspondence has been carried on concerning the desirability of establishing the ministry-at-large which was recommended at the last annual meeting of the Association. The result of the correspondence is an embarrassing revelation of desire for such a series of meetings as might be arranged for the different departments. From each of them come urgent messages inviting the services of "men of national reputation." No definite arrangements have yet been made for such missionary excursions, partly because, if anything is done, so much ought to be done; and also because it is not yet certain that the income from the churches will warrant the expenditure. When the enterprise is undertaken, it should be so planned as to give each of the five missionary departments equal advantage in due time. There is an urgent call for the presence of the secretary in the West and on the Pacific Coast; but for the present it is impossible for him to do more than meet the demands at the central office.

From each superintendent come assurances that work of the first importance can be done in his department. From various quarters, also, come assertions that "national vision" would reveal the importance of cities in the various parts of the country where our work has scarcely begun.

One of the most embarrassing problems —although a temporary one, let us hope— is raised by the question, "What to do with the many ministers who wish to take Unitarian churches where we have no churches to offer them?" From many quarters comes the demand, "Open new places, and set them to work." To do that would require an immediate expenditure of from $30,000 to $50,000. It is probable that, with due diligence, there may be found many towns and cities in the country where circumstances are favorable for the establishment of self-supporting churches. Out of the very pressure will come a movement which will bring relief.

The new state of things following the splendid results attained at Saratoga, and the new attitude of the strict constructionists in all the so-called evangelical churches, make new ventures in the publication of our views an essential part of our work. It is now possible to say some things, and say them altogether. For the general purposes of the Association, not included in any one of the five missionary departments, the secretary ought to have at his disposal, by consent of the directors, at least one-sixth of the whole income. There is much work which can be done in the country at large to diffuse our principles without reference to the founding of individual churches. The Committee on Publication has, for the present, suspended the issuing of new tracts, in order to revise the whole list, to weed out the useless, and to begin anew from our new vantage-ground with a new declaration of principles.

$40,000 has been received from the estate of Isaac Sweetzer, and invested in a fund bearing his name. Mr. Ira P. Farrington of Portland, Me., has left $20,000 to the Church Building Loan Fund. There is a rumor that the will is to be contested; but, no doubt, in time the money will come to that fund. About $25,000 in other legacies has been received by the treasurer. The directors are earnestly considering the management of the General Fund, and hope soon to bring the finances into such a condition that all appropriations may be made from current income already in the treasurer's hands.

The most important addition to the available resources of the Association will be made by bringing the churches now assisted into such a condition that the money given to them may be released for new enterprises in other fields. The Association will not willingly help any church that is willing to be helped and to regard the aid rendered by the Association one of the regular available "assets" of the society. The policy of the Association has been and will continue to be one of mutual aid and comfort. Wherever there can be found a few families understanding our principles and wishing to

apply them for the religious uses of the community, the Association will regard them as the honorable and trusted agents for doing its work. According to its ability, it will co-operate with such groups of men and women, to the end that Unitarian churches may be established which will not only support themselves, but will also begin with enthusiasm to help other communities needing assistance in like manner. Churches now strong, which were helped at the beginning or in some crisis of peril, ought to consider it their first duty to return to the treasury of the Association the money now needed in other places.

GEORGE BATCHELOR.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The current leaflet lessons on the "Life of Jesus" in the one-topic graded system are now out for March. There are five lessons for this month, the subjects being "Jesus and the Insane Girl," "The Transfiguration," "The Greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven," "Jesus and the Little Children," "Jesus and Zaccheus." The Intermediate are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Advanced by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. They are printed together in one leaflet. Price, 50 cents per hundred.

One of our largest Sunday-school kindergartens is in the Unitarian church at Chelsea, under the care of Miss Dockham and Miss Gerrish, aided by some valuable assistants. The numbers are not only large, but the spirit is admirable. The whole school, with Miss Barnard as superintendent, makes a valuable adjunct to the society.

Rev. Brooke Herford is furnishing a series of articles to the *Sunday-School Helper*, published in London, on "Religion and the Children." Mr. Herford is always interesting; but I have never felt quite sure that he appreciated Sunday-schools, and what they represent in modern religious affairs. Sunday-schools are certainly defective; but Mr. Herford, in making them so constantly a mere supplementary part of religious education, is liable, unconsciously, to belittle the rank and importance belonging to them. In a perfected state of society it may be that the Sunday-school will not be needed. The home, the church, and the public school may then accomplish what we are now aiming for partly in other channels. But at the present time it is not safe to weaken the emphasis on the value and need of Sunday-school membership and instruction for the young.

If everything moves forward as planned, the New Song and Service Book for Sunday-school, church, and home will be published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society the last of March. The expenses have been quite heavy in preparing this aid to Sunday-school exercises; but it will be sold, probably, at somewhat less than cost, in order to meet the needs of all the schools, large or small, rich or poor. A statement of the contents was given in the last *Unitarian;* namely, that there will be ten general services, ten special services, and five closing services, with about two hundred carefully picked hymns and tunes. Some of these are familiar, others new, with a variety adapted to different grades and ages in the Sunday-school. The book will be securely bound with leather back, opening readily.

It seems, by a report of the New York Sunday School Union, that a strong desire was manifested that certain familiar congregational tunes should be learned by the children in the Sunday-school, thus preparing them to sing heartily in the church service. To that end, a committee was selected to choose certain tunes, six or ten, for use in the Sunday-schools of the Union. The New Song and Service Book will contain quite a number of the standard congregational tunes.

There is often a wrong impression in our churches that the Unitarian Sunday School Society has all the money it needs. This is so great an error that we do not know on what basis such a supposition rests. The Unitarian Sunday School Society could put at the service of the Sunday-schools a much larger number of aids in all directions if the donations from the churches and Sunday-schools were greater. The delay in forwarding contributions often leads a Sunday-school or church to gather up something hastily and forward that, instead of carefully preparing for a generous gift. This year there is special need of larger funds in order to defray the expenses of the New Song and Service Book. Will the churches and Sunday-schools be so good as to take heed to this suggestion, and send early contributions as well as generous ones? Every dollar will be wisely expended for the good of the cause. We hope that no Sunday-school or church, West or East, North or South, will hesitate to send something, however small, gauging the donation by their means.

Every Other Sunday is constantly adding to its subscription list, but there are many places where it would gladly go as a visitor if it were invited. A cheap yet sufficient binder has been procured for this paper, capable of holding the numbers for two years. It is of flexible covers, with a cloth back. Though simple, it is adequate for its purpose, and costs only 20 cents, sent by mail, carefully wrapped, postage prepaid. Any new subscriber, living outside of Boston, sending 55 cents will receive *Every Other Sunday* for a year and a binder.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

The second Friday in February brought nine women of the Executive Board together for the usual monthly meeting, in spite of the severe cold. Mrs. Dix, the president, is too much out of health to take the journey from New York, having had the grippe. Therefore, the meeting was in charge of the New England vice-president, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

Formerly reports were expected from every Branch of the Alliance each month; but, as the number increased so rapidly, and the consideration of the reports required so much time, it was found necessary to divide the country, and to hear from each section only three times during the year. The New England Branches report in February; and full responses came from the directors, giving accounts of all the activities entered into by the various Branches. Regular meetings, study, reading, discussion, lectures, the Post-office Mission, and Cheerful Letter Exchange, with wide distribution of denominational and miscellaneous literature in immense quantities, constitute the burden of the reports. The charitable and philanthropic work so often entered into by the Branches, although not the *first* purpose of the Alliance, is of great amount, and covers a large field. Nearly every Branch is interested in the Montana School and in Tuskegee, and numberless boxes of books, magazines, bedding, clothing, and other supplies are forwarded each month; while many of them set aside a sum of money each year for these schools. The money so freely given by the Alliance is raised by contribution or assessment, or by fairs, sales, concerts, and other entertainments. It may not be known by all that one-third of the membership fees received by a Branch is sent to the general treasury for running expenses, and that the remaining two-thirds must, according to the by-laws, be spent for denominational purposes. Consequently, whatever a Branch appropriates for charity or the promotion of enterprises not denominational must be provided for in some other way than the Alliance fee. It is gratifying that so much is done without encroaching on the true purpose of the organization.

The Branch reports are most interesting, as, for instance, the director writes of Lowell, Mass.: "The Alliance Branch here is still loyal to the cause, has much vigor this year, and has inaugurated new projects. An original paper is always read, and discussion always follows. The new Middlesex Club, with its four hundred women all aglow with intellectual activity, stimulated by the best writers and speakers of the day, has not had the effect to abate the zeal of the Alliance; and its members, many of them officials of the new club, are still faithful to our organization. There are the regular monthly meetings for religious thought and discussion; a monthly meeting at different houses, partly social, partly for increase of funds; and a tea. Every other month, in the vestry, Mr. Batchelor gave Bible readings last winter, and, but for his new duties, would have continued them this winter. The fact that the Branch is alive is partly proven by the assiduity of the press to get reports. The papers read at the meetings have been fine, and one notably so, being an original one on 'How I came from Orthodoxy to Unitarianism,'—a personal experience told with great delicacy, but giving evidence of much struggle and much persistence for ten years in the study of religious subjects. I would say here that what helped Frances Power Cobbe so effectually helped her,—careful study of Theodore Parker's works. Her orthodox friends were more willing to count her an unbeliever in their dogmas than to think *Theodore Parker* could have helped her. That was humiliation, and they only *pitied* her after that. It is twenty years since she found she could not believe in the doctrines of the Church in which she and all of her family had been reared. Unaided, except by her own reading, she came into liberalism; and for ten years she has been an enthusiastic Unitarian."

Where all accomplish so much along the same lines, it is difficult to select any as of special interest; but the Branch at Newport, R.I., has held very profitable meetings, with readings in which each member had some part. The Providence Branch makes a specialty of sending books and magazines to Point Judith Light, and to Manomet Point Life-saving Station. The Branch at the First Parish, Dorchester, has one hundred and fifteen members, and is one of the most efficient in all ways. It is the first to appropriate a fixed sum, $200, to the Southern work recommended by Mr. Chaney. The largest membership in a single Branch is found at the Church of the Unity, Boston. At the Church of the Disciples more literature is distributed than by any other Branch, and Arlington Street is noticeable for its large Post-office Mission.

Great enthusiasm is shown among the smaller and more widely scattered Branches in New Hampshire, whose director sends a graphic story of successful meetings, in spite of illness and wintry winds.

From the Pacific Coast came reports of much the same import as from New England. In all the churches the women's societies are loyally looking after the interests of the denomination, strengthening their own churches, and then helping others. In most of them the denominational and benevolent work is combined. At Portland, Ore., the organization meets every week; and the work is divided among committees, as follows: Advisory, to plan for the literary work of members. The

Sewing Committee has charge of work for the poor of the city. The Music Committee attends to the business with the choir of the church. The Visiting Committee welcomes and calls upon strangers in the parish. The Entertainment Committee arrange for the entertainments through the year by which they raise funds for the church music. Their work is for the intellectual and social advancement of the members, visiting and sewing for the poor of the city, and raising funds for music of the church. One meeting each month is given up to literary, social, or religious discussion.

The Southern project mentioned above is the plan of Rev. Mr. Chaney, Southern superintendent for the American Unitarian Association, of sending resident ministers on missionary circuits, each in his own section. Mr. Chaney has formulated a plan for ten such circuits, which the ministers will willingly undertake if travelling expenses can be supplied. The Alliance hopes to help in this work substantially, and appeals to each Branch to do what it can. EMILY A. FIFIELD, *Rec. Sec'y.*

THE NEW YORK LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.— A regular meeting of the league was held at the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, Friday, February 1, with an attendance of three hundred and twenty-five, —Mrs. Hooper in the chair.

After the various reports were read, Miss Low presented resolutions referring to the death of Mrs. James D. Smillie, who had served on the Executive Board for years, and been greatly respected and beloved because of her beautiful character.

A collection was taken for "our Meadville student." The subject for the day was "The Training of our Young People." Mrs. Dunn of Jamaica considered the first part of the subject, "How shall we encourage a High Standard of Mental and Moral Integrity?" Starting from the definition of integrity, she reasoned that a character, to claim that attribute, must possess a wholeness, a mental and moral completeness. Every act in life must be governed by thought, to determine not the relative, but the absolute right or wrong. There is an inseparable union between the mental and the moral; and any compromise in a question of ethics but delays the issue, as our country found with the slavery question. To inculcate integrity, the writer thought parents and teachers should insist on absolute truthfulness; on thoroughness in the discharge of every duty, great or small; and on the avoidance of shams.

Mrs. G. W. Winterburn of New York compared the influences of city and country on the development of the young. She did not favor a locality which encourages the egoistic virtues,—truthfulness, purity, temperance,—but does not call out the humanitarian side of one's nature, any more than one which affords every opportunity for the expansion of the social qualities, at the same time furnishing a snug nursery for the vices which shadow them. The extent to which an environment affects a child depends upon his sensitiveness. During the early years of a child's life, when the physical development is of prime importance, the country seems the ideal home; but, the age of adolescence attained, we invariably find the youth longing for the stimulating city life. Mrs. Winterburn deplored the condition of the public schools of New York. If children could but have the advantages of suburban homes, which combine the best of city and country! "But, failing this," Mrs. Winterburn consoled her audience, "there are compensations for every loss. If we are destined to rear our nestlings in the most distant wilds, the *habitat* has the sanction of God's creative power; while, if we must perch them on some amazing 'sky-scraper,' we are still environed by humanity. And in humanity's heart every wise being finds the conditions that minister to the highest life."

Miss Jadwin read a paper on "College Life for Boys and Girls." In her introduction she proved the value of a college training, resulting, as it did, in giving one a larger life,—more to think about, to enjoy, to do. Surely, with this broader outlook, no one would regret these four years. It was shown that the large percentage of prominent men are college-bred. This training, however, was sometimes objected to by business men as unfitting a man for active life. Miss Jadwin felt a well-disciplined mind could adapt itself to the needs of commercial life all the better for the training. And it is not at all to his discredit that a college-bred man rarely becomes a millionaire. It does not prove his want of business skill so much as his greater enjoyment of life and its possibilities to help others.

At the close of this paper a general discussion followed, Miss Lindsey speaking a word for the health of our girls. Was it right, she asked, to educate her in the dead languages and neglect her live body? Every school should teach the care of the health. Miss Hinrich urged more kindness and less threatening in dealing with the young. Mrs. Morse had a word for mothers, and related a touching incident illustrating the strength of children's right impulses when treated with tenderness.

After a hymn and the Lord's Prayer the meeting adjourned.

ALICE P. JACKSON, *Rec. Sec'y.*

"Whoever you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly;
Give joy wherever you dwell."

GUILDS.

A LAY SERMON.

Read before the Guild of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, Mass., by Lillian S. Bourne.

I did not go to church this morning, so I preached myself a sermon. My text is Alice Cary's simple verses:—

"How dreary would the meadows be
In the pleasant summer light,
Suppose there were no birds to sing,
And suppose the grass was white!"

(Can't you see the glare of it,—the ugly glare, with no tender green to rest tired eyes?)

"And dreary would the garden be,
With all its flowery trees,
Suppose there were no butterflies,
And suppose there were no bees!"

Best of all now, in winter, can we imagine such a summer. Alice Cary goes on to point her moral, asking her little friends to think awhile, and, when some pleasure flies, to be thankful they have ears and eyes.

We all, I suppose, imagine. If we are ugly, we dream of what the world might hold for us if only we were beautiful. The commonplace boy dreams of a high position or fame; the poor boy, of wealth; the stupid girl, of the delighted audiences who would hang upon her words, were she only brilliant. And so it goes. Do not such dreams bring discontent? What if we "suppose" in the other direction?

Born without a bird in the throat, let us not long to be Melba, but rejoice that our brains and fingers can earn for us the wherewithal to enter her presence, and rejoice that we have ears to hear the bird trill. If our dress is serge instead of silk, the remembrance of men, women, children shivering to-night in tenements, both cold and hungry, may make us ask ourselves, "What have I done to deserve more than they?" Better yet, let us ask, "What can I do, if only from gratitude, to help gladden the world?" When there is so much to be done, does it not seem sometimes as if God must get tired of us,—us to whom he has given, and who do so little to help him with his work? In our little groove we stay; and after the day's work is done, —work, too, paid for in dollars and cents, not given,—we sit back and say, "Now is the time for my pleasure." Do Gen. Booth's workers ever take time for pleasure? Their work, given for humanity, is their pleasure. Don't the young men and women ever long for a dance or concert? They are human; but, surely, their self-denial makes them heroes and heroines.

Over and over we are told not to study ourselves, not to think ourselves over; but, if each night we did pause to ask, "How have I helped any one to-day?" it seems to me I might get so ashamed of the utter silence following the query that soon, in self-defence, I would watch for each day's chances. And we need not go far for them, either. I always liked Charles Kingsley's little verse, —

"Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles."

A cheering word comes from Littleton, N.H., where a new guild is helping on the work of the church. The secretary, Miss Jean H. Tuttle, writes that "the guild gives an impetus to our society never felt before, and is one of the best moral, social, and intellectual helps ever known in the town." It meets every other Sunday. Some of the subjects already considered or held in view are: "Judging Others," "Self-culture," "Life's Sermon," "The End of Living," "Ships that pass in the Night," "Good out of Evil," "The Inner Life."

The society at Reading, Mass., is reported as doing good work, the attendance being encouraging. Some of the topics considered on the list are: "Dorothea Dix," "John Howard," "Salvation Army and its Work," "Best Uses of Sunday."

It is announced that Rev. George H. Young of Lawrence, Mass., has nine lectures on "Noted Women," which he will give before guilds and other organizations, the terms being moderate. Louisa Alcott, Charlotte Brontë, Margaret Fuller, are among the names mentioned.

A union conference of guilds, Unity Clubs, and temperance societies will be held in Channing Hall March 13 at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. Papers and addresses will be given as follows: Rev. E. J. Prescott, "The Guild as a Help to the Church"; Rev. A. J. Culp, "The Guild as a Minister's Opportunity"; Rev. A. J. Rich, "Unity Clubs: How to do it"; Rev. Walter F. Greenman, "A Taste for Good Literature"; Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, "Alliance Work"; Miss L. Freeman Clarke, "Study Class Work of the Women's Alliance"; Rev. E. H. Hayward, "A Club for the Boys"; Rev. W. H. Lyon, "Parish Papers"; Mr. J. G. Thorp, "The Norwegian System of License." All clubs, guilds, temperance societies, Alliance Branches, and similar organizations are requested to send delegates. All interested are invited to attend.

An editorial in the *Open Church* discusses the "Relations of Sunday-schools to Guilds." It says: "The danger is that, when young people feel that they have outgrown the Sunday-school, they will pass out

from it, not into the church, but away from it, to some other church, or to no interest in religious matters. The guild takes hold of them before they leave the Sunday-school, leads them up to a higher plane of thought, and prepares them to take an active interest in the church. The guild creates an active sympathy with the church, and pledges the young people to loyalty and devotion in its behalf."

The following subjects are from the list published by the Guild for Christian Culture, Neponset, Mass.: "Late Phases of Child-saving in Large Cities," "College Settlements," "Moral Ideals in Public Life," "Favorite Hymns," "Helps on Life's Pathway," "Great Religious Paintings."

A new society is reported at Gloucester, Mass., which has the following subjects on its list: "Florence Nightingale," "Luther," "Swedenborg," "The Crusades," "Charity."

There is an article on "Practical Work," by Mrs. Laura B. Martine, in the February *Open Church.*

The president of the Alliance calls again for items of information from all the guilds. B. R. BULKELEY.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

The following circular is being issued by the Unitarian Temperance Society, in the hope of increasing its membership and awakening the churches to greater activity along temperance lines:—

"The Unitarian Temperance Society has become incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. In order that we may push our work forward more effectively, we appeal to all Unitarians who are interested in the temperance cause to lend us their aid. We need more memberships, and to have a larger number of people actively interested in our work. Especially do we ask our ministers to join with us as members and coworkers. The membership fee is only $1 a year. On the payment of $25 (or that sum within five years from the date of the first payment) a person can become a life member. The Richard Clap Weis Fund of $1,000 is now established, and we shall be glad of additions to it. Address membership fees and all communications concerning the finances of the society to the treasurer, Mr. Frank B. Thayer, 198 Aspinwall Avenue, Brookline, Mass.

"Our tracts can always be had free, with a few exceptions; and we desire for them as wide a distribution as possible. We wish to have the subject of temperance frequently presented at our conferences, before the churches and Sunday-schools, clubs and guilds. We hope that all these organizations will give the subject at least one hearing during the year. In these, and in as many other ways as possible, we are seeking to extend our work. We therefore ask your assistance by gifts of money, by securing new members, by interesting others in temperance work, by having this work brought forward in your church. We ask the more hearty co-operation of all those who have the cause of temperance and total abstinence at heart.

"C. R. ELIOT, *Pres.*
"GEORGE W. COOKE, *Sec'y.*"

Upon the same circular appears the list of officers and the by-laws of the society; also a list of temperance speakers,—*i.e.*, a list of persons who are ready to give addresses upon temperance for Sunday-schools, churches, societies, etc. A list of the society's publications is appended. The circular may be obtained by addressing Rev. George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

The Unitarian Temperance Society will issue a special temperance service for Sunday-schools, intended for use on the second or third Sunday in March. It will be similar in general plan to the services issued in past years by the society and so widely used by the Sunday-schools. This service will especially commemorate the life and work of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of whose noble work for temperance the Unitarian Church may well be proud. The service will require no "rehearsals" on the part of the Sunday-schools, as the hymns to be used will be familiar. Thus the regular order of Sunday-school lessons will not be interrupted, and the service will come to the teachers and scholars with perfect freshness. It is hoped that a very large number of our schools will call for these services. They will cost $1 per hundred.

An effort is being made by the Unitarian Temperance Society to find out just what temperance work our churches are doing. Every minister is to be asked, "What temperance work is going on in your parish?" and is specially requested that even the most unimportant work should be reported. It will be a source of great encouragement to each person interested to know that sister churches and Sunday-schools are also interested; and, if the ministers and superintendents will respond to the appeal now being made, much valuable information may be obtained.

It is proposed to issue a series of envelop leaflets upon temperance; *i.e.*, leaflets small enough to be slipped into an ordinary envelope, and brief enough to be read in a moment or two. Any one having in mind just the words best adapted for this purpose will help the cause by sending the same to the society, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. C. R. ELIOT.

The banner which still waves above the shattered temples, creeds, and rituals of the past is the banner of a Christ-like love.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Message of Man." Arranged by Stanton Coit. Macmillan & Co.—For excellence in arrangement, method of reference, and convenience in use, we have seen nothing better done than this collection of utterances concerning the moral life. It is of interest to all, and can hardly fail in helpfulness to any. Ministers will find the book very useful in its careful collocation of the over two thousand quotations, under headings such as "Return Good for Evil," "What serves All is Right," "The Present only is ours," "Set not thy Heart on Riches," etc. There are ninety-two of these headings or chapters, each designed for connected reading; and, as the sub-title of the book is "Ethical Scriptures," we presume they may be intended for use in the pulpit. That which is peculiar is the collector's personal preference in the choice of selections; the modifying, rearranging, and abridging of many passages; and even the omission of such words, in some well-known quotations, as have a theological significance. This effort to exclude all theology and confine the book exclusively to ethical expressions seems to us to throw a false light over many of the finest pages; for it is certainly unhistorical to quote from the psalmists, Thomas à Kempis, Francis de Sales, Channing, and Martineau only such isolated passages as bear no hint of the deep spiritual religious thought which was the chief characteristic of every one of these writers. It is instructive to note how the chief sources of these "ethical" quotations are from men most deeply steeped in theology and most wrapped in spiritual aspirations. The Bible furnishes more quotations than any other source. Then follow the works of Richard Baxter, Thomas à Kempis, and Emerson, with about sixty quotations from each. After these come Marcus Aurelius, Channing, Milton, Fénelon, Wordsworth, and Ruskin! Strange advocates these for a system of ethics divorced from religion! If ethics are sufficient without union with religion, why should all these who believe the opposite be made to bear false witness against themselves? Why not quote from another class? It seems to us the very omission of such names as Leopardi, Novalis, Machiavelli, Vauvenargues, Alfred de Vigny, Joubert, and the appearance of a single sentence only from Maudesley, Rousseau, and Lamennais (indexed as La Mennais), is a more effective comment upon the unsatisfactoriness—nay, indeed, the impossibility—of stopping short at morals, or of trying to force an artificial and unnatural disunion of ethics and religion, than any lengthier criticism.

"The Melancholy of Stephen Allard." By Garnet Smith. Macmillan & Co.—This is the private diary of a strange, striving, aspiring, disappointed, tempted, yet unspoiled, baffled, yet undefeated human soul. It is the inner story of a lofty spirit serenely heroic under "continuous disappointment and increasing malady." A recluse; a timid, retiring scholar; a B.A. of Oxford, England; hating strife, competition, all social small talk, and business self-pushing,—he can only secure the bare maintenance of himself and help his parents by accepting a very subordinate position. After six years of drudging, "an ineffectual effort to win the means to cheer my nearest and dearest," his parents died. The melancholy which haunted his life now almost subdued him; but a trifling legacy enables him, by spending the capital, to take a twelvemonth's rest at a small farm in Devonshire. This diary was written during these months, and was his sole contribution to literature; for his year's holiday ended in a chill, pneumonia, and sudden death. The most prominent characteristic of Stephen Allard after his melancholy is his meekness. The absence of egotism, the charm of gentleness, and—even in the despondency of philosophic pessimism—the sweet kindliness of tone are prophecy of the closing sentence: "I am more than my doubts, and the silence of faith is more than eloquence."

"Gathered Windfalls." Poems by Mary Chace Peckham. Memorial edition. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.—The name of Mrs. Peckham is not a strange one to readers of the *Unitarian*. A considerable number of her poems have been printed in its pages; and, when her all too early death occurred in 1892, a short sketch of her life was printed, together with a brief estimate of her character and genius. We are glad that the choicest of her poems are now gathered into a volume, for she was a real singer.

It was believed by many while she was living that only the shrinking modesty which caused her to withhold her productions from the public prevented her from meeting with wide recognition as a poet of uncommon strength and charm. This little volume of singularly incisive, original, and attractive verses will confirm this judg-

ment. Her many friends in New England, in the Central West, and on the Pacific Coast will welcome this precious memorial of a dear friend as well as rarely gifted and noble woman. And lovers of real poetry—poetry which speaks with a clear voice of its own, and is not an echo—will prize the book for its own sake. May we not hope that this volume of poetry may be followed by at least a volume or two of prose made up of some of the fine stories which Mrs. Peckham left behind her? J. T. S.

"The Century Cyclopædia of Names." New York: The Century Company.—A reference volume of incalculable value. It is the supplement to the great Century Dictionary, having grown out of the impossibility of getting into the dictionary the mass of proper names whose importance for purposes of reference can well be appreciated by any constant writer. The names found in this royal quarto volume include not only those of biography, history, classical mythology, and such frequently needed words, but cover characters in modern fiction, noted books, streets, plays, celebrated monuments, works of art, etc. As an example, we have just remembered two great pictures of the marriage feast at Cana which we saw last summer,—one by Paolo Veronese, in the Louvre; the other, a Tintoret. But where? Is it Venice? A reference to this Cyclopædia of Names soon settles it. Three well-known pictures are indicated,—one at Dresden, one at the Louvre, and the other, by Tintoret, in the sacristy of Santa Maria della Salute at Venice.

"Leaflets for Lent." Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The second thousand of this unique arrangement of readings for Lent has been issued. The use of the previous edition has suggested some additional readings for the Sundays; and these Mrs. Laura Tilden Greene, daughter of Rev. William Phillips Tilden, has supplied, making the selections with such a fine instinct of affection that each ray of thought blends in one spiritual stream, and the book becomes indeed a lamp of light to lead every faithful reader nearer to the power of the Master.

"The Religions of Japan." By William Elliot Griffis, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.—Dr. Griffis, formerly of the Imperial University of Tokio, and well known as the author of "Japan: In History, Folk-lore, and Art," etc., is well qualified to present a reliable view of the religious conditions in that world of enigma, Japan. But the present work is rather a history, a survey of past changes, noting the gradual evolution of faith toward the present Christianizing era. As far as we know, it is the first attempt of any American scholar to prepare such a history. It will throw much needed light upon a much misunderstood question. Dr. Griffis writes with deep sympathy, "Among the influences that have helped to shape my own creed and inspire my own life have been the beautiful lives and noble characters of Japanese."

The *New England Magazine* for February was all sold by the 10th of the month, the very last copy being sent to the *Unitarian*. It is not surprising; for, under the admirable management of Mr. Kellogg, the present publisher, the magazine ranks among our best. The article of probably greatest interest to our readers will be Mr. Chadwick's "Harvard Divinity School."

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Belfast, Me.—Unity Sunday evening class. Six Sunday evenings are devoted to the study of "Six American Poets as Prophets in Thought and Life," by Mr. Leighton. The programme of study is as follows: 1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,—(*a*) Biographical Sketch; (*b*) Notes on "Tales of a Wayside Inn"; (*c*) Recitation, "The Sermon of St. Francis"; (*d*) Favorite Lines of Members. 2. James Russell Lowell,—(*a*) Biographical Sketch; (*b*) The Humor and Patriotism of the "Biglow Papers"; (*c*) Recitation from "Sir Launfal"; (*d*) Favorite Lines of Members. 3. Ralph Waldo Emerson,—(*a*) Biographical Sketch; (*b*) Notes on Poems and Extracts from Essays; (*c*) Recitation, "The Concord Monument Hymn"; (*d*) A Short Story of Brook Farm. 4. John Greenleaf Whittier,—(*a*) Biographical Sketch; (*b*) Notes on "The Tent on the Beach"; (*c*) Recitation, "The Captain's Well"; (*d*) Favorite Lines of Members. 5. Oliver Wendell Holmes,——(*a*) Biographical Sketch; (*b*) Reading, (1) illustrating Humor, (2) illustrating Pathos; (*c*) Holmes as a Novelist. 6. William Cullen Bryant,—(*a*) Biographical Sketch; (*b*) Genius of Bryant's Poetry; (*c*) Recitation, "The Crowded Street"; (*d*) Favorite Lines of Members.—*Church Exchange.*

Boston, Mass.—At the Arlington Street Church the Sunday-afternoon vesper services continue to prove a source of high spiritual quickening. These successful services, held every Sunday at four o'clock, have for a good many years now shown how popular such Unitarian teaching may be made. Of course, they are thoroughly well done. The music, for example, is as good as can be got in the city; but it is never used in other than the religious motive,—nothing that is not, in technical language, sacred. There is no pandering to operatic tastes. The music is there as the worthiest

possible accompaniment of the highest religious themes. So of the simple service. So of the vigorous, brief sermons. Mr. Cuckson has thrown his own spirit and devoted earnestness into these remarkably condensed addresses. No casual hotel stranger happening by a half accident to attend one of these services can possibly fail to bear away a seed or two of the deeper life and higher faith. If such continued opportunities could be sustained in every city, it would be greatly to the advantage of the Unitarian gospel.

—From many of our pulpits words of surprise and condemnation have been heard during the past few weeks regarding the "Pastoral Letter" issued by the bishops of the Episcopal Church. Rev. Minot J. Savage preached twice upon the many aspects of the letter, and the strange attitude of the Church issuing it. He said: "You would suppose that the House of Bishops had heard of nothing that has happened since the time of Anselm. Let me say that we know to-day that the old theories of God, as a czar outside his universe, issuing his orders through prophet and miracles, are utterly swept away, and that no law of God is divine except those constituent laws by which he upholds his universe."

—The noon services for half an hour held each Wednesday in King's Chapel draw in a good attendance of business men, and add one more influence for pure Christianity in our city.

—At Bulfinch Chapel, where continuous Unitarian mission work has been active for nearly fifty years, under the veteran ministry of Rev. Samuel H. Winkley, a new movement seems to be adding itself to the vigorous old stock. This is under the inspiration of Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, who has for some months been the associate pastor with Mr. Winkley. A most interesting course of evening lectures is included in the varied programme.

Concord, N.H.— By invitation of the Women's Alliance of Laconia the president and seven members of the Concord Alliance were their guests on the afternoon of January 12, the object of their visit being to assist the new society in regard to the manner of conducting their meetings, etc. The Concord ladies were most cordially entertained at the home of Mrs. Cook, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all. At Rev. Mr. Phalen's suggestion the work of obtaining subscriptions to the *Christian Register* and the *Unitarian* has been taken up by the Women's Alliance. The parish has been canvassed by Miss Lizzie Young, who has secured seven subscriptions to the *Christian Register* and twelve to the *Unitarian.*

Dedham, Mass.—The First Church has issued in pamphlet form a most suggestive sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. William H. Fish, entitled "The Most Pressing Needs of the Church." These needs are, primarily: The building, the church home, its cheerfulness, attractiveness, beauty, comfort, usefulness, not omitting ventilation as well as proper heating.

Financial support,—a system that can be relied upon as a good business method, and yet obviate the feeling of natural objection on the part of the less well-to-do to accept the privilege of seats among others for which it is known a yearly rental is paid.

Social gatherings, where all classes make an effort to find points of common interest and sympathy.

More active work by the men,—this so vital for the future maintenance of the church as a social force.

Regularity of attendance. Fluctuating, uncertain congregations take the life and heart out of the best preaching.

Eastport, Me.—The chief event in our recent history has been the celebration of the church's seventy-fifth anniversary of its dedication, on Jan. 13, 1820. When the society was organized and the church built, there arose the delicate question which phase of "Congregationalism" should the minister be called to represent; for the subscribers had bound themselves to abide by the decision of the majority. Should he be brought from Andover, that "School of the Prophets," founded a dozen years before to defend the imperilled Orthodoxy of the fathers, or should he come from Cambridge, and represent that new, perhaps dangerous way, whose challenge had just been sounded from the Baltimore pulpit by Channing? By a decided majority the vote was for Cambridge; and, under the auspices of President Kirkland of Harvard, a preacher was sent. The minority felt so aggrieved that they withdrew, and founded the Central Congregational Church, which still survives.

It was natural for us to notice this interesting anniversary; and, accordingly, the pastor gave a special sermon, reconstructing the probable "creed" of the liberal founders of 1820, and tracing the changes and advances in Unitarianism to the present hour. A few days later, also, the ladies gave a parish and public supper in the vestry, followed by some music.—*Church Exchange.*

Francestown, N.H.— A correspondent says: "Though we have not been sounding a trumpet before us, we are not dead. In addition to the regular work of the church, for more than a year we have maintained a Union Literary Club, with an attendance of from fifty to seventy-five, with interest and enthusiasm as yet undiminished. January 30 we were all delighted with a lecture on 'William Barnes,' by Rev. W. F.

Greenman of Fitchburg, after which the people met him, his wife, and other visitors, in a pleasant sociable. Thursday evening, February 14, twenty-five members of the sewing circle celebrated Saint Valentine's Day by reciting in rhyme, interspersed with good music, how they each had earned a dollar for the church. No entertainment of the year has been so largely attended or, apparently, so fully enjoyed as this. However hard the road may be, we propose to go forward."—*Christian Register.*

Grand Rapids, Mich.— Mrs. Harriet Udell, wife of Mr. C. S. Udell, died suddenly on January 30 from a stroke of apoplexy. She had lived in this city twelve years, her home previously having been St. Louis, where she had a wide circle of friends. In Grand Rapids she had been active in literary circles and in the Unitarian church, and will be greatly missed. She was a woman of refined and winning character. Besides the husband, she leaves behind two children, a son and daughter, both grown up.

Hopedale and Mendon, Mass.—Evening meetings at Mendon have been gaining in interest; while at Hopedale, every Sunday at 7 P.M., the people continue to gather to enjoy the vesper service. On January 20 Messrs. E. E. Sherman, C. P. Godfrey, and Howard Bracken made interesting addresses upon "Life's Petty Worries"; and Miss Edith Brown read selections from Rev. M. J. Savage's sermon on that subject. Readings have been given at other meetings by Misses Mabel Andrew, Lilla Ross, and Marion Howe. Mr. Augustus Reccord of the Cambridge Divinity School preached in both churches on the 27th ult., and his sermons were most inspiring and instructive. On the same date the pastor occupied the pulpit of the ancient King's Chapel in Boston. At the supper on the 13th many names were submitted to be voted on as members of the parish, and many others signed the parish register.—*Our Church Home.*

Kennebunk, Me.—Rev. E. J. Prescott is preaching a course of sermons on "The Newer Religious Thinking." The following are some of the sub-headings: "The Newer Religious Thinking, and its Enthusiasm for Humanity"; "The Newer Religious Thinking, and its Exalted Conception of the Church"; "The Newer Religious Thinking at Work: Being a Review of Some of the Great Practical Reforms in our Large Cities"; "The Newer Religious Thinking in the Study: Being a Review of Some of the Newer Ideas of Man, the Bible, God, and Man's Destiny."

Memphis, Tenn.—Rev. George H. Clare has consented to take charge of the recently organized Unitarian church, and great hopes are entertained for the growth of a large society.

Milton, Mass.—Rev. Roderick Stebbins of the First Parish Church has just delivered an unusually interesting series of sermons upon the sources of the Bible, as follows: "When the World was without a Bible"; "The Oldest Bibles in Existence"; "The English Bible, Part II., Cædmon, the Venerable Bede, King Alfred, Wycliffe"; "The English Bible, Part II., Tyndale, Luther, the Authorized Version, the Revised Version."

Newburyport, Mass.— The Unitarian church, under the administration of Rev. S. C. Beane, is unusually active. From October to March, besides the regular morning service, which is largely attended, vesper services are held every Sunday at four o'clock. The meetings of the Young People's Guild, which are held fortnightly on Sunday evenings, have been unusually interesting. The attendance is much larger than last year, and more interest is manifested than at any time since its organization. The King's Daughters have held a series of afternoon teas, and one of the results of their work is a new piano in the church parlor. The monthly meetings of the Unitarian Club attract large audiences, and the programme presented is always attractive. At the February meeting Rev. C. H. Puffer of the Universalist church in Salem, and others, spoke on "The Miracles of Christ," as viewed from a modern standpoint. The Ladies' Sewing Circle, Women's Alliance, and Band of Mercy each has its share of church work.

Newport, R.I.— Unusual interest is taken this winter in the study papers of the Unity Club. The membership now numbers two hundred and sixty persons, and each meeting brings a pleasant surprise in the discovery and development of new talents among the members. The daily newspapers give a large space to reporting the readings and discussions of the club. The Sunday evening lectures given by the pastor, Rev. George W. Cutter, upon practical subjects, to young people, have attracted large audiences, drawn from all classes and churches in the city. They deal with the topics of the time in a clear, direct, telling manner, interesting alike to old and young. The average attendance at the regular morning services is constantly increasing. The Young People's Guild has just been formed, under most favorable auspices, with about forty members, ready and willing to devote a part of their serious time and thought to questions of personal religion and the culture of the moral and spiritual side of life.

Passaic, N.J.—On Wednesday evening, February 20, the Unitarian society of Pas-

saic gave a reception to Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks, whom they have unanimously called to be their pastor. Mr. Wicks will be installed early in the month of March. A graduate of the Meadville Theological School, the class of 1894, Mr. Wicks has this winter been a student at the Harvard Divinity School.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Several hundreds of people had to be turned away on Sunday evening, February 17, when sixteen Mount Lebanon Shakers, of whom ten were sisters, had full charge of the service. The morning service was in memory of the late John F. Moors, D.D., who, as superintendent for New England of the American Unitarian Association, founded this church. At the close of the sermon, in which Rev. Mr. Horst spoke of Dr. Moors as man, pastor, and preacher, the following resolutions were adopted:—

"Whereas this Unity Church of Pittsfield was founded and reared into life through the foresight and perseverance of the late John F. Moors, D.D., therefore,

"*Resolved*, That Unity Church shares in a peculiar sense the loss to the community of that ardent apostle of a liberal Christianity to Western Massachusetts.

"*Resolved*, That Unity Church desires to cherish the memory of Dr. Moors, and hereby pledges itself anew to that form of religion which he strove to embody in life, which made him honest and simple in doctrine, responsive to the duties and trusted with the high privileges of the citizen, the faithful comrade in the patriotic campaign, the zealous missionary of the simple faith of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

"*Resolved*, That the clerk is hereby instructed to record these resolutions in the minutes of Unity Church, and send copies for publication to the *Christian Register* and the *Unitarian*."

The Unity Choral Society recently organized has now thirty members. Among these are Methodists, Baptists, orthodox Congregational, and Jews, as well as Unitarians. Monthly musical entertainments are given by them to raise money for a pipe organ for our church, of which we feel a great need. Contributions are solicited from all our friends, and may be sent to Mr. Clarence G. Tompkins, president of the Unity Choral Society.

Roxbury, Mass.—From the bright little parish paper of All Souls' Church, the *Visitor*, we quote:—

"The *Visitor* wishes to call attention to the fine condition of the organizations connected with the church. All are large, united, and doing good work. The Benevolent Society numbers eighty-six, the Alliance seventy, the All Souls' Club seventy-three, the I. H. N. Club over forty, the Lend a Hand eleven. The Sunday-school has as fine a band of teachers and officers as can be found anywhere.

"Three good parishioners. X: 'I thought, as it was a rainy day, there would be but few here, so I thought I would make an effort to come.' Y: 'Will I take a class in the Sunday-school? Yes, indeed! I have been hoping that you would ask me.' Z: 'I enclose $2 for the charity contribution. I could not come when it was taken up, but I wish always to give what I can.'

"One of our families, being about to remove out of the city, sent the minister a very cordial letter of farewell. This is a very courteous as well as pleasant thing to do. When a minister has done his best in the pulpit and in his pastoral office for a family, it seems but just that some word of appreciation should be said. The relation between a faithful pastor and his people is closer and warmer than that of a merchant to his customers, and should be so regarded on both sides. For him to lose them from his church is to lose personal friends, and he likes to know when this is the case from their side."

Seattle, Wash.— Rev. J. H. Acton, D.D., formerly pastor of the Methodist church here, was installed February 3 as minister of the Unitarian church. The sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, D.D., and was a very moving address, Dr. Eliot having known Dr. Acton very intimately when they were ministers of different denominations in the same city. "Through moving intellectual and spiritual experiences," he said, "our brother finds himself, or, rather, is found of God, taking a place with the liberal Christian Church, and waiting upon God now, as he always has in the past, and wherever he is, for the living word and message of divine grace."

The address to the people of the society was made by Rev. Frank H. Adams of Puyallup, who spoke particularly of Unitarianism. His central idea was that, if the principles of the Church were not a necessity as an educational feature of the times, then, sooner or later, they must be abandoned; but, if the principles were a necessity, then all must feel the importance of teaching and preaching them. The Church, he said, should stand for liberal thought. He believed Unitarianism to be a necessity, and with a handful of supporters was trying to inculcate that belief.

Following the sermon, Joseph Shippen read a congratulatory letter to the society from Rev. Mr. Eliot, the former pastor, now in San Francisco, in which he noted his extreme satisfaction that the church, after the long interval, had secured Dr. Acton as minister. Mr. Shippen, on behalf of the congregation, extended to the new pastor the right hand of fellowship. The services were closed with benediction by Dr. Acton.

Somerville, Mass.—As the main part of the new church of the First Unitarian Society on Highland Avenue in Somerville is not yet completed, the large congregation which gathered at the opening service Sunday morning, February 17, had some difficulty in getting seats in the chapel, where the exercises were held. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. William H. Pierson, who took for his text the words, "Behold, I make all things new." He spoke of the many associations connected with the old building, and expressed the hope that the new church would endure for many years upon the same sure and firm foundations. At the gathering of the Sunday-school children after the morning service addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Pierson, Frank Ware, and W. W. Butman. It is expected that the new building will be completed in a few weeks.—*Boston Herald.*

Troy, N.Y.—Rev. E. M. Fairchild has a Children's School of Ethics and Religion in connection with the Unitarian church of which he is pastor. Mr. Fairchild believes that the science of conduct should be taught as systematically as the science of numbers is usually taught. To which end he has laid out an eight years' graded course of study for his Children's School of Ethics and Religion. The primary department is a kindergarten, in charge of a thoroughly trained kindergartner. The senior department, for children of thirteen to fifteen years of age, is under Mr. Fairchild's personal care, the intermediate departments being directed by equally competent teachers. The school is based upon the pedagogical principle that the child's mind is a growing thing, and should not be forced to consider questions beyond its natural power of comprehension. Mr. Fairchild feels confident that this new method of instruction in ethics and religion will develop a nobler nature in the young than the methods of the ordinary Sunday-school. The results in his own church have been very satisfactory, and the boys and girls are interested as never before.

Warwick, Mass.—The Unitarian society at Warwick, Mass., held their annual fair in the town hall Wednesday evening, February 13. It was well patronized by the citizens and many from adjoining towns, especially from Northfield. The fair was a social and financial success, and the society feels gratified with the results.

West Newton, Mass.—The First Unitarian Society has voted six months' leave of absence to its popular minister, Rev. J. C. Jaynes, on the completion of ten years of most fruitful service. A handsome purse has been provided, and Mr. and Mrs. Jaynes are to spend their well-earned holiday in European travel.

Westford, Mass.—The services which were held here last November in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the erection of the present church building have been recorded in a fitting pamphlet, including all the addresses, the hymns sung, letters received, and a list of interesting relics which were exhibited at the celebration.

Wilmington, Del.—Rev. Alexander T. Bowser, at the request of the Committee of the Delaware Union for the Promotion of the Public Good, preached January 27 a special discourse upon "Prison Reform." In the course of his sermon he said that the Christ spirit of sympathy and love is gradually lifting modern thought to the point of view where we see that the relation between society and the criminal is that of the body to its members,—"If one member suffer, all members suffer with it; if one perish, all are afflicted." Thus we are coming to understand that the true object of punishment is not vengeance, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but to protect the State (the body of which all are members) by reforming, curing the criminal; that is, the member of the body which is weak and sick morally and spiritually. The time is coming when the infinite value of the human soul shall be no longer an ideal prophesied by the poet and talked about by the preacher, but the inspiring motive in all the institutions of State and society, shaping and softening and humanizing all efforts to educate and uplift and ennoble men. Then our prisons and houses of refuge and industrial schools will all become places for the creation of moral fibre, supplying the defect of inheritance and early training; and, rebuilding the character, they will make new creatures of the men and women who come under their care and protection,—the dead in sin and evil being born again to happy, useful, and pure lives.

Many a church lives to-day because it appeals to and keeps alive the ill-defined fears of men,—their sense of insecurity as they think of death; but sooner or later all religion, every organization with an ideal aim, will be tested by whether it helps man to a deeper life now, whether it gives him great thoughts to live by and quickens his aspirations after justice and a just order of human life on the earth.—*W. M. Salter.*

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. So far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone well sustain the daily toils.—*J. Martineau.*

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